

The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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No 6



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“The Land of the Giant Sage”

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NOW.

Bertha A. Kleinmann.

O birdlings afloat on the lightsome spring,
With strophe attuned to your feting—
The world is old in the songs you sing,
Forever and ever repeating,
And pulsing the branches, nor why nor how,
Save only to tell that the May is now.

O youth on the billow of sunlit hours,
With heaven our own for the keeping—
The world is teeming with hearts like ours,
All heedless to autumn and reaping,
Who skimming the furrowing—I and thou—
Forget that the day of the world is now.



BELTED KINGFISHER.

(*Ceryle alcyon*.)

Upper parts, broad pectoral bar, and sides under the wings, dull blue with fine black shaft lines. Lower eyelid, spot before eye, a cervical collar and under parts except as said, pure white; the female with a chestnut belly band and the sides of the same color. Quills and tail feathers, black, speckled, blotched or barred on the inner webs with white; outer webs of the secondaries and tail feathers, like the back; wing coverts frequently sprinkled with white. Bill, black, pale at base below. Feet dark. A long, thin, pointed occipital crest; plumage compact and oily to resist water. Length, 12.00-13.00; extent of wings, 21.00-23.00; wing, 6.00-6.50; tail, 3.50-5.00; whole foot, 1.33; culmen, 1.75-2.25.



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JUNE, 1913.

No. 6.

The Belted Kingfisher.

(Ceryle alcyon)

By Claude T. Barnes.

M. S. P. R.; M. B. S. W.; M. A. O. U.; President Utah Audubon Society.

'Twas an evening of beauty; the air was
perfume,
The earth was all greenness, the trees were
all bloom
And softly the delicate viol was heard,
Like the murmur of love or the notes of a
bird.

—Whittier: Cities of the Plain.

With an incessant babble the swift mountain stream purred about huge stones, bubbling round in a small whirlpool here, running placidly beneath a labyrinth of overhanging wild roses there and again dashing with a roar into a miniature fall. Charmed with the enchanting freshness of the scene—indescribably delightful after months of dry perusal of dust-laden, sheep-skin volumes—I quietly approached a bend in the stream and, by clinging to the willows with one hand, made a horizontal cast with the other just behind a big rock where I knew some lusty trout was alert for a dancing fly. While thus engaged I was pleased to see a kingfisher flit from somewhere up stream and alight within a few feet of me on the very rock towards which I was casting. My fly floated listlessly below while I stood in wonderment of the beautiful bird now idly preening himself as if he were already well satisfied with his evening meal of luscious trout. I was mistaken, however, for presently he

sat as motionless as the stone upon which he rested and watched intently the mirrored surface of the water just below him. Suddenly, without warning or cry, he dived into the water, coming out in a second with a small wriggling fish securely held in his powerful mandibles. Arrived upon the rock once more, he proceeded to beat the fish's head on the stone until it was dead; he then swallowed it head first.

What followed proved to me that the bird regarded this rock as his favorite perch, for, upon my issuing forth, he rose with a loud rattling cry and flew about fifty yards up stream. As I was making a catch or two myself I was of course loath to leave the spot; so, as if impatient at my interference, the bird presently whirled back past me, giving vent to loud, derisive cries. Finally I did move on; and when about a hundred yards away, the bird again sought his favorite lookout.

When the kingfisher is unsuccessful in his dive, he swerves quickly and without evidence of disappointment, regains his perch. Sometimes he flies along the stream keeping a keen lookout for fish; and, when he discovers one, he will stop suddenly, hover with extended wings for a second or more

and then dive with the same ease and precision as from a stone.

Despite the fact that this interesting bird is found throughout the whole of North America, it is nowhere very common owing to its solitary and unsociable disposition. During the breeding season it may be found over the entire continent, but, when the ice closes the northern streams it goes Southward, and during winter may be found anywhere from northern South America to Canada. It does not seem to mind either cold or heat; and in fact the freezing of the streams is the only factor which apparently determines its annual migration.

One of the singular habits of the kingfisher is the fact that it does not build a nest in either a tree or on the ground but in a hole excavated in the side of a bank, usually but not always near water, for in some cases it may build in a hole in a railroad embankment. The character of the soil may somewhat affect its choice, clay, compact sand or mixed gravel and sand being the favorite kinds.

The manner of excavating the nest hole is very interesting. Both male and female assist in making it, each pecking with its bill and dragging the dirt out with its feet. The passage to the nest is round and about four inches in diameter. It extends inward with or without turns for a distance of from four to twenty feet and terminates in a round domed living room.

From five to eight white eggs are laid in the nest which is so well protected from heat and cold that it needs none of the ordinary nest linings. If the nest is old or if it has been used successively for several seasons it may contain fishbones and scales.

The young, when hatched, are naked, blind and helpless; and unlike some birds they grow very slowly. Kingfishers belong to a class of birds known as *Altrices*, or those whose young are helpless at birth and require feeding and care in the nest.

The young of the *Præcoces* on the other hand are able to run about and feed themselves as soon as they are hatched. Incidentally, it may be said, one of the most interesting studies in ornithology or the study of birds is the observing of this difference between the altricial and precocial birds. Here, for instance, we have the young of the kingfisher helpless in his burrow for weeks while there by the side of the same stream we may observe a newly hatched Spotted Sandpiper teetering with the greatest of self reliance at the very margin of the water.

Another most interesting subject is the study of the feet of birds as adapted to the needs of the birds when procuring food; the feet of the kingfisher, for instance, being of little or no use in catching fish, are very small and weak, scarcely or not ambulatorial. On the other hand the osprey, which catches fish with its claws, has feet of immense size and strength, the toes being all free to the base, and the large claws being of equal length, subcylindric in shape, and not being scouped out underneath, but all compressed, and the middle one sharply grooved on the inner face. It is thus all through nature: each animal is given peculiar characteristics to fit it for obtaining a living and escaping danger.

Kingfishers are piscivorous, that is, they subsist principally on fish. The ones taken are however seldom more than three inches long. They also eat crustacea, grasshoppers, beetles, crickets, frogs, lizards; in fact, in Arizona they are frequently seen perched over dry river beds miles away from water. As its feet are so small and weak, the bird has to depend on its long bill alone, but this seems adequate. With this bill it cannot, however, tear the fish and eat it in pieces as does the osprey; it swallows its food whole.

During the recent session of the Utah Legislature it was with some difficulty that this splendid bird was finally put upon the protected list; but when one considers its habit of eating

many obnoxious things as well as some which are useful and then places this fact alongside the charm its presence creates in the canyon when the

tired muscles of an urbanite are losing their kinks, would not he readily say "Live and let live?"

Start Over.

Among the papers of the late Dr. Harper, president of the University of Chicago, was found a memorandum that read thus:

"If I were a boy again, I would read every book that I could reach. I would strive to find out from good books how good men lived.

"If I were a boy again, I would cultivate new patience with the faults of others, and study my own with greater care. I would strive for humility.

"If I were a boy again, I would more and more cultivate the company of those older, whose graces of person and mind would help me on in my own work. I would always seek good company.

"If I were a boy again, I would study the Bible even more than I did. I would make it a mental companion. The Bible is a necessity for every boy.

"If I were a boy again, I would study the life and character of our Savior persistently, that I might become more and more like Him."

I suppose each of us has at some time or other thought or spoken of what we would do if it were possible to jump over the intervening years and begin anew!

Once I recall talking to a wise old man—at least he was wise in many ways—who said "if I had my life to live over again I should do just about what I have done."

Most of us, however, have an idea we would do very differently. But it matters little what we think or say in connection with this subject, for we can't! That's the beginning and the end of it.

No, not the end of it.

For while we cannot begin again at the start of the road, what is there to hinder our making a new beginning right where we are now?

Houses are often remodeled and made as different as possible from their first state without having their foundations altered in any way whatever!

Why not men?

In this new beginning I think we would have a hard time finding a better set of rules than those suggested by Dr. Harper's memorandum.

To read—especially to read biography; to cultivate patience with the faults of others and study our own with more fairness; to seek good company whose "graces of person and mind" would help us; to study the Bible and try to move like the First Gentleman—these are things we can do without journeying back to the fields of boyhood or girlhood.

And so far as a majority of us are concerned, they are things we need to do.—Leigh M. Hodges.

Those days are lost in which we do no good; those worse than lost in which we do evil.—*Cromwell*.

A Story that Helped Me.

By Heber J. Grant.

While there are very many stories which have helped me, those contained in the selection "Never Despair," from the *National Fifth Reader*, have been a greater help to me, I believe, than any others that I have ever read. I first read them as a boy of fourteen. Particularly was I impressed by the incident in the life of Tamerlane, where the ant, after making sixty-nine failures, in triumph carried off a grain of corn. This wonderful lesson of perseverance by an insect has been an inspiration to me all the days of my life. I have not only read this selection time and time again, but have frequently referred to it in public addresses and particularly when speaking to young people.

I have pleasure in quoting the selection in full:

NEVER DESPAIR

"There is no trait of the human character so potential for weal or woe as firmness. To the business man it is all-important. Before its irresistible energy the most formidable obstacles become as cobweb barriers in its path. Difficulties, the terror of which causes the pampered sons of luxury to shrink back with dismay, provoke from the man of lofty determination only a smile. The whole history of our race—all nature indeed—teems with examples to show what wonders may be accomplished by resolute perseverance and patient toil.

"It is related of Tamerlane,*the celebrated warrior, the terror of whose arms spread through all eastern nations, and whom victory attended at almost every step, that he once learned from an insect a lesson of perseverance, which had a striking effect on his future character and success.

"When closely pursued by his enemies—as a contemporary tells the anecdote—he took refuge in some old ruins, where, left to his solitary musings, he espied an ant tugging and

striving to carry a single grain of corn. His unavailing efforts were repeated sixty-nine times, and at each several time, so soon as he reached a certain point of projection, he fell back with his burden, unable to surmount it; but the seventieth time he bore away his spoil in triumph, and left the wondering hero reanimated and exulting in the hope of future victory.

"How pregnant the lesson this incident conveys! How many thousand instances there are in which inglorious defeat ends the career of the timid and desponding, when the same tenacity of purpose would crown it with triumphant success! Resolution is almost omnipotent! Sheridan was at first timid, and obliged to sit down in the midst of a speech. Convinced of, and mortified at, the cause of his failure, he said one day to a friend, "It is in me, and it shall come out."

"From that moment he rose, and shone, and triumphed in a consummate eloquence. Here was true moral courage. And it was well observed by a heathen moralist, that it is not because things are difficult that we dare not undertake them.

"Be, then, bold in spirit. Indulge no doubts—they are traitors. In the practical pursuit of our high aim, let us never lose sight of it in the slightest instance; for it is more by a disregard of small things, by open and flagrant offenses, that men come short of excellence. There is always a right and a wrong. Observe this rule, and every experience will be to you a means of advancement.

*Tamerlane, called also Timour the Tartar, was born 1335. He became sovereign of Tartary, and subdued Persia, India and Syria. With an army of 200,000 men, in a battle fought at Angora, on the 20th of May, 1402, he defeated the Turkish army, composed of 300,000 men, and made their emperor, Bajazet, prisoner. He was on the point of invading China, when he was seized with a violent fever, and died soon after taking the field, 18th February, 1405.

The Spirit of Inspiration.

By J. Z. Stewart.

The question has arisen at times with regard to the spirit of inspiration which has accompanied the several presidents of the Church, since the days of the Prophet Joseph, and believing, as I do, that they have all been indeed prophets inspired of the Lord to carry out His great designs, in building up the Church of Christ upon the earth, I feel that it is fitting that I should relate an instance which was a great testimony to me that the Lord does endow those whom He places at the head of the Church with the spirit of inspiration.

In the month of March, 1878, I was called by President John Taylor, under peculiar circumstances, to take a mission in the state of Colorado, and I was set apart on the 20th day of that month, by Apostle Orson Pratt. President Taylor called me to go to Colorado to select a suitable place upon which to locate some of the Saints who had received the Gospel in the Southern States, and who had emigrated to Pueblo, Colorado, the fall before, and were living in temporary barracks for the winter, working wherever they could secure employment in different parts of the city of Pueblo.

I called on President John Taylor, at his request, and he received me kindly, and said: 'Brother Stewart, I know that you have just returned from a mission, and I would prefer not to call you on another so soon, but I feel you are the one to go and perform the work which we desire to have done, as you have had much experience in pioneer work and establishing new colonies. We have some Saints living in barracks in Pueblo, Colorado, whom we desire to locate somewhere in the southern part of Colorado, or in New Mexico, and we wish you to go and select a suitable

place for a settlement and take them and locate them on it.'

Having learned that these people were very poor, working daily for their support, I realized that it would require considerable means to remove them from where they were to a place which might be selected for them; and then the great question of providing them with teams, wagons, machinery, etc., and the necessities of life until they would be able to plant and reap a harvest in the new locality, was a vital consideration.

I explained to President Taylor what I had heard about their financial condition, and I thought sure he would say, "Well, Brother Stewart, we will supply you with funds to assist those people a little, until they can make a start and become able to provide for themselves;" but in this I was disappointed, for he looked at me and said, "The Lord will open up the way."

I can assure you that, knowing as I did the experiences of so many of our people in founding new settlements, in localities distant from the settlements of the Saints, the struggles they had made, and the difficulties they had encountered before they had well established themselves, the outlook appeared a gloomy one to me, yet I could not doubt the promise of President Taylor.

After borrowing some money to defray my expenses on my trip, I started for Pueblo, and when I arrived there I found the Saints in the condition which had been reported to me. They were pleased to see me, and, of course, anxious to know when and how I expected to accomplish the object of my errand to them.

I arrived there on Saturday, and spent Sunday with them, and on Monday I took the train for Fort Garland, which was then the terminus of the

D. & R. G. R. R., taking of their number, two men and a boy with me. We supplied ourselves with a gun, some bedding, and what provisions we would be able to carry on our backs, after leaving Fort Garland. We arrived at the latter place the first evening, and remained there over night, and started out the next morning, to San Luis Valley. After traveling five days through storm and sleet, on foot, we arrived at a place on the Santa Cruz River, a few miles from the town of Conejos, where we made a camp. I decided to examine that section of the country, and did so, with the result that I selected the places where now are located the towns of Ephraim and Manassa, as suitable for our purposes.

Leaving my companions at our camp, I followed up the river and came to some Mexican ranches, on which were some fine residences, but owing to the feed having been exhausted on account of the number of stock that had been pastured there for years, the ranchers had been forced to other localities to find suitable pastures, and these houses were vacant.

I then went to the town of Conejos and I there met a number of the prominent men of the locality, and among them a gentlemen whom they called Governor Hunt. I told him and others the object of my mission there, and they treated me very kindly and expressed their desire that I would be able to find a suitable place, and said they would be pleased to assist me in any way they could.

While there I came across some of the owners of the ranches I had passed on my way and they at once wished to know if I would not buy them. After some conversation one of them offered me his ranch of 160 acres, with a really nice house on it for that locality, for thirty-five dollars. I frankly told him that I would like to buy it, but that I did not have any money with me. He then offered to take my note, but wanted an endorser. I

told him that I was a stranger and did not know anyone whom I could ask to sign with me. "Why," said he, "ask Gov. Hunt to sign it." The governor was in the adjoining room, so I stepped into the room and said, "Governor, this gentleman wishes me to ask you to sign a note with me." "All right," said he, and reaching for the note, signed it without looking at it. I said to him, "You have not read it, and do not know what you are signing."

"Well," said he, "I see your name there, and that is sufficient for me."

I afterward bought a fine tract of land with a house from another man, paying him for it in the same way, with the exception, that he did not ask for any endorser, and this time the purchase price was fifty dollars. I then bought a yoke of oxen, plow, and log chain, which cost me about sixty dollars, as I now remember, and with these and a supply of provisions, I returned to my companions. They were surprised to see me coming back with the oxen and a plow, but I explained to them what I had done and the next day we went into one of the houses I had bought, and immediately commenced plowing and preparing to plant some crops.

After we had planted a number of acres in crops of various kinds, I decided to return to Pueblo to bring the Saints down to the place which was intended for their home. Upon arriving at their barracks, I found them still working wherever they had been able to obtain work, but it had taken nearly all their earnings to supply their daily needs and they had not been able to lay away anything to speak of.

I went to the railroad officials and asked what were the best rates they could give these people down to Fort Garland, the terminus of the railroad, and they answered that ten dollars was the regular fare. I told them that these people could not afford to pay that. Then they asked what they could afford to pay. I told them that they

were not in a position to pay anything. They said, "Oh, we could not afford to take them for nothing, but," said they, "we will take them down for one dollar each and throw in their luggage." Of course we were thankful to get such extremely liberal terms, and we loaded up within the next few days, those who were ready to go, and I secured some teams when we got to Fort Garland to take them the remainder of the journey.

They moved into the houses I had purchased and were at once comfortably housed. The next day I called on a wealthy Mexican, a stock man living a few miles away, and told him that I had brought some emigrants into the valley who were poor and that I desired to get some cows for them to milk, and he said he would let me have some. The next day he came down to us bringing twenty-one milk cows with young calves, and turned them over to us, saying that if the people made more butter and cheese than they needed, they could let him have some, but if they did not, it would be all right, they were welcome to the use of the cows.

These people were from the South, and the sisters were accustomed to knitting, sewing, etc., and I made arrangements whereby they could ob-

tain all the work of this kind they desired. I also arranged with some of the ranches for the loan of wagons, teams, etc., when our people should need them, and I then felt that they were in a condition to earn their living and to make homes for themselves.

Surely the words of the Prophet John Taylor had been fulfilled in a most remarkable way.

I had been sent to select new sites for settlements for our people before, and I have seen those places settled upon and built up by the people, but never have I witnessed the blessings of God poured out upon any others of our settlements as they were upon the towns of Ephraim and Manassa, when they were first settled.

Upon my return home I reported what I had done to President Taylor and he said he was informed with regard to the conditions of things there, and that he was well pleased with them. He said, "Brother Stewart, we will pay off those notes you gave for those ranches," which was done.

I have always looked upon the prediction of President Taylor and its fulfillment as one of the most remarkable I have ever known. I know that he was a Prophet of God, and this is only one of many predictions made by him which I have seen fulfilled.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

"The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man. Virtue is his business; Study, his recreation; Contentment, his rest; and Happiness, his reward. God is his Father; Jesus Christ, his Savior; the Saints, his brethren; and all that need him his friends. Devotion is his chaplain; Chastity, his chamberlain; Sobriety, his butler; Temperance, his cook; Hospitality, his housekeeper; Providence, his steward; Charity, his treasurer; Purity, his mistress of the house; and Discretion, his porter, to let in and out as most fit. Thus is his whole family made up of Virtue, and he is master of the house."—Selected.

Legitimate Sunday School Advertising.

By Earl J. Glade, at the Conference of the Deseret Sunday School Union.

If the General Board had desired a monosyllabic response to the theme assigned me tonight, I should have come prepared to submit for their consideration the big word "boost." "Boost, boost!"—not very euphonious but very meaningful. In these twentieth century days it is either "boost" or "bust" (to use the parlance of the fourteen-year-olders).

Now, what does "boost" mean in an ecclesiastical way? The following episode will make it clear. A young, aggressive bishop was called to preside in a certain ward whose attendance at Sunday service could not be described as flattering. For two weeks he said little but planned, observed and studied. At the expiration of this period, he startled the few faithful Saints, whose presence could be detected among the church benches, with the following utterance: "Brothers and sisters, I prophesy that at the end of three months there will be no fewer than four hundred Saints in attendance at this Sunday service." There were sighs and a few inarticulate, negative utterances. The word was passed around, and even certain pessimists were heard to comment on the prophecy. The bishop "boosted" quietly and systematically. When the 19th of December came around the entire neighborhood "turned out," out of sheer curiosity, to see whether or not the bishop were a true prophet. It was rather hard on those church benches at first, but now they like it! My friends, that's "boosting."

A Sunday School advertising campaign should contemplate, among others, the following propositions:

(1) A complete diagnosis of the local conditions by the superintendency. This should reveal whether the Sunday School faculty or the pupils are open to serious criticism. If this diagnosis points towards the officers

and teachers, it might be well to consider a complete reorganization with the idea of localizing, as far as possible, individual responsibility. By that I mean calling a brother or sister to serve in the capacity of Sunday School teacher for a period of one year, with the understanding that they be released from any official connection with other auxiliary organizations. This would render an adequate Sunday morning preparation possible.

At one time, Pytheas and Demosthenes were pleading in a public assembly and Demosthenes presented a masterful, studied argument. Pytheas, being envious, scornfully remarked, "Your argument smells of the lamp." Whereupon Demosthenes retorted, "It is indeed true, Pytheas, that your lamp and mine are not conscious of the same things." When the lamps of our teachers enjoy similar experiences to that of the mighty Grecian, in other words, when their preparations really "smell of the lamp," then will external Sunday School advertising be superfluous.

With these conditions prevailing, you have something to advertise, something that really advertises itself.

Secondly, if the diagnosis previously mentioned, indicates gross indifference and small spiritual calibre on the part of the people of the district, it will be necessary to resort to devious methods of appeal.

Now, the Parents' class members should be made to feel that they do need this work. This can be partially accomplished by changing the meeting from one in which mere opinion rules supreme to one in which arguments are supported by reliable data; also, instead of passing innumerable resolutions, let there be a sentiment to push at least a few of these important matters to a final and satisfactory consummation.

The appeal to the youth of the theological class age should be directed not only at their heads but also toward their feet. But, let the Sunday School dance be an affair extraordinary; select in every respect and not of too frequent occurrence. This being the age of adolescent omnipotence, it would be well to begin distributing responsibilities. Encourage private theatricals, glee clubs, concerts, literary discussions and sewing clubs, but let it all be done under the auspices of the Sunday School class. This is where the advertising comes in.

The appeal to the young classes should be a practical one. This is the age of shaggy hair, pealed noses, assorted freckles and valley tan. The boys, in the rural districts, are too clumsy to dance, and most city chaps are too bashful; but they can take hay rack rides, and climb mountains; they can take "hikes" up canyons and play basket ball, and they can even chop wood if the crowd is doing it. Thirteen lively boys plus one "cracker-jack" teacher equal a genuinely good time, and the memory of it will linger.

The little girls will like class pen-nants, gift-cards embellished with appropriate gummed stickers, candy pulls, and even their Sunday School teacher if she likes them.

This is the age when diplomacy is necessary. A week from today apply this illustration: a frog when put in a vessel of warm water will jump about frantically. If the water is cold, he will remain perfectly quiet. Now if the temperature of the cold water, with the frog in it, be raised at the rate of .0036 of a degree per second, he will be absolutely unconscious of any change in his environment, even if the water is heated considerably. How did you handle the young fellow last Sunday who cleared your desk with one spring and that, too, without a flying start?

At least once a year all of the schools of the stake should co-operate in one grand celebration. Without desiring to be egotistical, I take the liberty of referring to the 24th of July celebration of the Utah Stake Sunday Schools as a successful example. Every school in our district participated with results that are now rather well known.

Sunday School advertising is not a matter of dollars and cents, it is absolutely a personal equation. If the personnel of the Sunday School faculties are competent, willing, prayerful and dependable "all things else will be added unto them."

The Sunday School as an Evangelical Force.

Elder Melvin J. Ballard, President of the Northwestern States Mission.

Our missionary experience has led us to conclude absolutely that the Sabbath School is the best organization in the Church for an evangelical institution. One reason for this may be from the fact that the name "Sunday School" is familiar to those of other religions. We have not the prejudice against this particular organization that we would have if we had an entirely new name, as we do in the case

of some other of our auxiliary organizations.

I desire to speak of some practical results of our experiences. We have thirty Sunday Schools organized in our mission. In these Sabbath Schools we have approximately 200 students who are non-members of the Church. Two of these schools are made up entirely of non-members; one of them has some 32 students, the other, about

20. We have not had a single branch of the Church established in that mission that was not preceded by a Sunday School. The Sunday School seems to be the easiest organization to establish, the first to appear, grows best, lasts longest, and ultimately merges into a branch of the Church, or at least allows the work to grow, or assists it to grow until it becomes a branch of the Church.

There are thousands of men and women in the world who do not attend church themselves, and do not go to Sunday School, but they are perfectly willing that their children should go; and, for that reason, there is no great prejudice against children going to a Sunday School. They would rather have them know something of the gospel, even if it does come from a Latter-day Saint missionary, than to have them grow up in ignorance.

Another thing we have discovered in our missionary experience: the greatest difficulties that we have to contend with are sin, and prejudice from tradition. If we could only take away from the world today all the children under ten years of age, and allow them no more to come under the influence of their parents or their teachers who are teaching them falsehood, and give unto them teachers of the Latter-day Saint persuasion and faith, it would be an easy matter in a generation to convert the world, or at least to win to the gospel of Christ hundreds and thousands of those who, when they grow up to manhood and womanhood, inherit the traditions of the fathers and turn a deaf ear to our message, or become so steeped in sin that the gospel message will not penetrate them. When a man or a woman is wicked at heart, he or she will not receive our message, but turn a deaf ear to it.

It is as easy for a little child to re-

ceive the message of the gospel as it is for that grown man or woman who is honest in heart and seeking for the truth. We wish that we could come in contact with the young men and the young women, the children of the world, and inscribe first of all, before any one else shall mar that tablet, the message of the gospel, that correct knowledge of God and of His Christ, and a sympathy toward the work of the Lord established through the Prophet Joseph that shall not be effaced as long as men and women live; and although there may be hundreds of those who come and affiliate with our Sunday School who do never join our Church, yet wherever they go there will be a bond of sympathy towards us, and they will not easily accept or receive those stories that are told against us.

We saw this illustrated. For instance, a very prominent and learned woman told us that she had sympathy for the "Mormon" Church all her days, though she had never been identified with it, but some one told her that when she was a baby she was blessed by a "Mormon" Elder and given her name, and by reason of that she had a sympathy and a kindly feeling toward the Latter-day Saints. If our missionaries can come in contact with these young people, to even feel the influence of the missionary, it will have sufficient effect upon them that when they come to be men and women it will be almost impossible to poison their minds. Our lady missionaries are most successful in our missionary work, especially among the non-members. We have found that it is no theory; it is a practical institution, capable of bringing practical results, and we would not be without the Sunday School in our missions for anything, for it would greatly retard and hinder the progress of our work.

For Fathers and Mothers.

Singing Mothers.

They came to me in a dream—those singing mothers. A long, slow procession of shadowy forms, beautiful as rainbows, and as wonderful, singing a strange, haunting melody full of mystery. First came troops of girl mothers, clasping their little babes with a tenderness that was half fear and with wide, inquiring eyes filled with holy light and the consciousness of the deepest realization of life. Then came strong mothers of youth, leading happy-faced children and confident with a sense of power; buoyant with hope and radiant with promise. Last of all came silver mothers of men, leaning on stalwart sons, and, though bowed with years, yet gloriously young in spirit; hallowed by memories and glowing with the victory of achievement. And I, a mother, watching these pass by and listening to their haunting music, felt as never before, the divine significance of motherhood and all the hidden meaning in the word "singing."

All this is music in a marvelous mood, but there is no music on earth more appealing, or more far-reaching than the voice of a mother singing to her little ones. No audience ever listened with keener rapture to any prima donna than that little group gathered in the twilight hour at a mother's knee. It is her dearest joy at that time to put into music all the sacredness of motherhood and the happiness of childhood; to teach and to charm and to tune the hearts of her children.—Anne P. Field, in *The Craftsman*.

Teach Old-fashioned Manners.

Our great-grandmothers taught their daughters that "repose of manner" was the first requisite of true propriety. No well-bred lady would fidget in company, put her hands to

her face, toss her head or finger her buttons. If she talked she did it in a soft voice and without gesticulation, no matter how many rings she wore or how pretty her hands might be.

She was taught even to control her features; that squinting and winking the eyes and twitching the mouth were not "nice," and they could and should be intermitted in polite society. In sitting neither the knees nor the feet were to be crossed, rocking was odiously vulgar, yawning and stretching were unspeakable offenses and, above all, the hands must be crossed or folded in the lap and kept there.

We plead for at least a partial resumption of the old forms. Let mothers once more teach their daughters to sit still in company, to cultivate calmness. Let women learn to carry on earnest conversation in subdued tones and without gesticulation.—*Western Star*.

Smile and Wait.

One of the hardest, and yet one of the most useful lessons we can ever learn is to smile and wait after we have done our very best.

It is a finely trained mind that can struggle with energy and cheerfulness toward the goal which he cannot see. But he is not a great philosopher who has not learned the secret of smiling and waiting. A great many people can smile at difficulties who cannot wait, who lack patience; but the man who can both smile and wait, if he has that tenacity of purpose which never turns back, will surely win. The fact is, large things can only be done by optimists. Little successes are left to pessimistic people who cannot set their teeth, clench their fists, and smile at hardships or misfortune and patiently wait.

Smile and wait—there are whole vol-

umes in this sentence. It is so much easier for most people to work than to wait.

author of a great commentary on the Bible.

Sheer Idleness not Good.

Power of a Kind Word.

"He is the most stupid boy in the school. I cannot drive anything into his brain," said the teacher to the visitor.

The gentleman turned and looked at the boy, who seemed crushed by the hard criticism of the teacher. The visitor said a few words to the class, and as he passed into another room, he stopped and patted the boy on the head, saying: "Never mind, my boy. You may be a great scholar some day. Do not be discouraged, but try, try, and keep on trying."

The kind word woke the courage and roused the energy of the boy, who had been repelled by the teacher's rough methods. He determined to work and win, and become a great scholar. He succeeded, and grew up to be a man famous for learning and goodness. He was Dr. Adam Clarke,

Vacation time should not mean a period of absolute idleness—even for children just let loose from school. Give them recreation and plenty of it, but do not suffer them to pass the summer in inactivity. Rest and recreation during the long recess make up for the stress and strain of the school year. But it is not against the law and the prophets to insist upon a little manual labor. Namby-pamby methods of raising the young forbid the child to do anything approaching work. They are responsible, too, for filling our police courts and penal institutions. Teach the youngsters the value of industry, that all cannot live by their wits, that there is not dishonor, but honor in manual and intellectual labor. Under such a system the number of society buds and gentlemen of leisure may be diminished, but nobody will miss these in the real battle of life.

A Fight.

We lazily look out of the window for something to attract our attention. The afternoon is so hot that all creatures outside seem driven to shelter from the glaring rays of the scorching sun. Presently, however, a fiery red rooster struts across the yard and makes toward the house. He is a proud fellow, and surely looks "the cock of the walk." He passes the cellar window immediately below us and then, in sudden military fashion "about faces." He lowers his head, crouches a bit, and strides up stealthily until he is again in front of the low window. By now the feathers around his neck "stand on end" and his head almost scales the ground. He comes nearer. He squats, moves his head with a few jerky twists, and now he springs. Crash he goes against the window. Back he comes and then he turns. Another thump against the glass is heard and then another and another. Blood rushes

to his comb and fire shoots from his eyes. But he is game. His beak strikes the window and his spurs clash in the onslaught. But still he keeps it up; rush after rush, dive after dive, and stroke after stroke. His head gets redder and his breath comes faster and faster. Thump, thump, thump he goes against the window. He scratches the ground, twists his neck, lowers his wings, and tries and tries again to "floor the enemy." He is fairly crazy and fights like mad! His head swells and blood spurts, and still he keeps on. Now he prepares for his final stroke. Back a few feet he goes, and now he comes with terrific speed. Crash goes the glass, and thug goes the rooster. We go down into the cellar, help the exhausted fellow out, and gently advise him to use his abilities to better advantage hereafter than in fighting his own reflection in a window pane. D. W. Parratt.

"That Flynn Boy."

By John Henry Evans.

VIII

Gus had promised, or rather threatened, to call on the abusive gentleman during the week following that in which he had given him the "track." He did indeed call at the house several times, for he was anxious to meet the man and see what was the effect of the trouncing he had given him, but each time he had not found the gentleman at home. Gus attributed this fact to fear on the gentleman's part to meet so formidable an adversary. It was not until the fifth week that Gus was able to find him.

The two missionaries had had many conversations about the abusive gentleman. Silverton always maintained that the elders in the field should have nothing whatever to do with what Bulwer Lytton calls "physical Christianity." Gus, on the contrary, contended that they had a right to defend themselves, when attacked, even to the extent of fisticuffs.

"Everybody has a right to his own opinions," Silverton urged.

"To call a man names?" demanded Gus. "Why, he called me a coward, a liar, and a murderer! I'll stand that from no man!"

"I don't know that a man has a right to call another names," Silverton admitted. "That's quite another matter. But it's always a dangerous thing to take the law into one's own hands."

"He shouldn't lie then," exploded the young man. "He knew he was lying, didn't he?"

"Well, I wouldn't be so sure about that, either," was the answer. "Utah is a long way from here, and few of the middle class in England have ever been there. A good many of them, though, think they know all about the United States, but their knowledge of geography is astonish-

ingly imperfect. A man told me the other day that he had a brother who walked from New York to Utah, and who, when he got there, could not enter the Territory, although he had no difficulty in getting into Salt Lake City! This man, you see, imagined Utah to be close to New York and would not believe me when I told him how far it is, and he thought Utah to be in Salt Lake City instead of the reverse. Your man evidently had never visited any part of America. He was going wholly on what he had read from outsiders about Utah and the Mormons. When you take all the circumstances into consideration, you can't blame him much, after all. He thought you were trying to beguile his countrymen, especially the young women, into going to Utah to be made slaves of, and he may have thought it his duty to use his influence against such a thing."

Gus thought the man should have done it in a milder way, then.

"That may be, Brother Flynn," said Silverton. "But when one person makes a mistake, that does not justify another person in making the same or another mistake. There can be no excuse for a 'Mormon' missionary fighting with his hands for the gospel."

All of which silenced, but did not convince, the pugnacious young Gus.

Still, as I say, Gus was anxious to meet his abusive friend to see what the result of it all was. He often pictured himself standing with one foot on the gentleman's doorstep, hand-bag on his knee, and one hand on the hand-bag, arguing his case. For not only had Gus the imagination of a romancer, but he had the self-confidence of a professional book agent. If the guy had never been to Utah, why, Gus could easily vanquish him,

for he had been there and knew whereof he would speak! And so he yearned for the intellectual combat.

One day in the fifth week, therefore, the young man knocked at the abusive gentleman's home. Yes, he was in, for heavy footsteps approached in the hall.

"Come in, my friend," the gentleman said with such cordiality as fairly took Gus off his feet. At the same time he gave the young missionary's hand the grasp of a politician just before an election. "Walk right in, sir," he repeated.

Gus exclaimed that he had called several times, but had found no one at home. "Anyhow, I didn't think you'd be very anxious to see me after what I'd done to you that day!" Gus would give him this little dig, anyway.

"On the contrary," replied the gentleman, "I've been more than eager to meet you again to talk over some things in the tract, which I have read with great care. But I've been away to London for three weeks."

This as the two were entering the house and as Gus was being shown to a seat in the library.

"If you'll excuse me for a minute," the man continued, "till I get the tract and some books of reference which I've laid out." At the same time he went to one of the book-cases with which the walls were lined and pulled out one volume after another till he had a considerable stack.

Meantime, a vague fear, as of an impending catastrophe, came over Gus. He remembered having heard his father tell of riding up to a place just before an earthquake there and of how the horse, sniffing the coming disaster, refused utterly to go on. Gus felt like that only he had to go on. He felt a sudden weakness in the region of the stomach, which he found himself wishing would turn suddenly into a pain so serious as to prostrate him for the time being. But then, he reflected, when he recovered, the abusive gentleman would be on hand

to confute him with his books! Would the man might call Gus names, so as to bring about that other kind of argument in which he was an adept!

But the man did not. Instead, he calmly walked back to where Gus was sitting, placed the books carefully on the table, and as calmly sat down by them facing the now thoroughly miserable young missionary.

"You promised, you know," this demon of a gentleman said in a blandly defensive tone, "to ask me some questions on the tract."

"I said 'on Utah,' didn't I?" Gus defended.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the man contradicted, "but you said 'on this tract'. That's why I've studied it rather carefully. But I won't put you to the inconvenience of asking the questions—I'll ask them myself."

"Well, fire away, then!"

"In the first place," began the gentleman, "I want to know who this man Morgan is who wrote this tract?"

Gus was forced to confess that he did not know.

"Well, never mind," his friend quickly added, "I thought maybe he was one of the twelve apostles of your church. I notice here, however, that you speak of authority. It seems—"

"I ain't said anything about anything!" broke in Gus defensively.

"Do you wish to disclaim what is here? The tract says—"

"Well then, let the tract say it!"

"Very well," was the perfectly cool rejoinder. "I notice that the tract says the Mormon people are the only repository of divine authority. Now, perhaps you can explain how it is that the Lord would select so scoundrelly a fellow as Joseph Smith to give His revelations to?"

"It's a lie!" Gus cried, rising and shutting his hand into a hard fist and taking an attitude of pugnacity. "Joseph Smith was a good man, a whole lot better than you!" He sat down, however, when he had delivered this hot shot as his antagonist.

"Indeed!" said the man with lifted eyebrows, but with no excitement whatever. To look at him, one would think, except for the keen, gray eyes, that it took a shrewder observer than Gus to detect, that the man was the most unconcerned of mortals engaged in the most commonplace of conversations and that it did not matter to him by so much as the proverbial ashes of a rye straw how it all came out. "Now. I always supposed that Smith was a bad man. Do you think, now, that his neighbors would be likely to know anything about him and his family?"

Gus supposed they would.

"Well then," said the gentleman, turning to his pile of books and choosing one of them, which he opened to a marked page—"here are a lot of testimonies by his neighbors to the effect that your Mormon prophet was a low, shiftless ignorant fellow whom nobody could trust!" And he read what they said, from the book.

"You're sure not making that up?" Gus queried suspiciously. He could scarce credit his ears. "I never heered that before!"

"Read it for yourself," the man urged, handing Gus the open volume. Gus looked at the book. There the affidavits were, sure enough. He was "up a tree," as he would himself have phrased it had he been in his right mind. He was one of those persons who look on all books as nothing short of sacred and who think that the fact that it is print is a sufficient guarantee of its truth and accuracy. And so, when he lifted his eyes, he could only remain silent.

This blow being safely delivered, the abusive gentleman, now abusive no longer, proceeded to deliver some more with the same telling force.

"Another thing," he went on: "This tract says that baptism, in order to be of any value, must be by immersion. Now that is not true at all. The church has always permitted sprinkling, and even pouring."

"But that ain't right!" Gus defended.

"Where do you get your authority for the statement that it is not right?"

"Why, from the Bible."

"What part of the Bible, pray?"

Gus did not know.

"I observe here, continued the man, "that you say that the church must have apostles and prophets nowadays. Where do you get your authority for that statement?"

"Don't it say there?" asked Gus feebly.

"It does, but it's wrong. There were no apostles after Paul and John the revelator died, and there is no evidence to show that they were necessary after the church was established. Have you any defence?"

Gus had none.

"You believe in miracles, too, do you not?"

The young man said he did not.

"Then you don't believe your own tract!"

"Does the track say we do?"

"It certainly does!"

"Then I believe in them, sir!" admitted Gus, the scarlet overspreading his face. The fact is he did not know what a miracle meant.

"Look here, young man!" exclaimed the gentleman, turning from a book he was about to pick out from the heap and facing Gus—"look here; you don't know anything about your own religion! A fine missionary you are! You couldn't teach heathen, let alone civilized Christians! The impudence of the thing, to come to instruct us! And then, too, you can't speak ten words without making an error in grammar—you don't know how to talk, not to say anything about preaching! I suppose you've never been inside a school-house? And to think you'd have the face to come over here—to civilized England—with your pernicious faith, which you don't know anything about, to preach in your ungrammatical jargon! My advice to you is, to go home on the first ship, stay there till you

get a decent religion and learn how to preach it, and then if you have a call go to some heathen country where they do not have Christianity! Good day, sir!"

And with this outburst, Gus was conducted to the door.

IX.

On leaving the home of his prospective convert Gus did not go directly to his lodgings, but wandered aimlessly about the streets, little caring where his feet might lead him.

He was crushed. His spirits were dried up within him. No humiliation could be greater, coming after his treatment of the man that first day. To think that his hopes of all these weeks had met with such a rebuff! He had not, indeed, expected to meet his friend on equal grounds when it came to a controversy on the merits of the gospel which he was supposed to advocate; he had not been in the mission-field long enough for even his optimistic nature to hope that. But he had thought himself equal to the task of defending his home and his people—at least, the living ones—from the attack of a man who had not been there. The abusive gentleman, however, had not even brought up that aspect of the subject. He had deliberately dodged it! Had he coolly laid a trap for the unwary feet of the young man? It looked very much as if he had. Instead of discussing what his previous conversation—for in this light Gus had persisted in looking at the encounter of five weeks before—had led Gus to think he would talk about, the fellow had chosen topics on which Gus did not know anything, and had not even sought any information! He had done the unexpected thing and gone to the books!

Why hadn't Silverton warned Gus against such a man as this? Why hadn't he told him to study the "track" so as to be able in a degree to answer any reasonable question that might be

asked on it? And then it occurred to him that this was exactly what Silverton had almost begged him to do, but his mind had been shut to the counsel. He had preferred instead to read the beautiful stories of the Bible. It was stupid of him not to take the advice of his more experienced companion. Then this extreme humiliation would not have happened. Why hadn't he met with something before this to make him study the "track," anyhow? He had distributed a great many pamphlets, but nothing had occurred like this in all those weeks. If it only had!

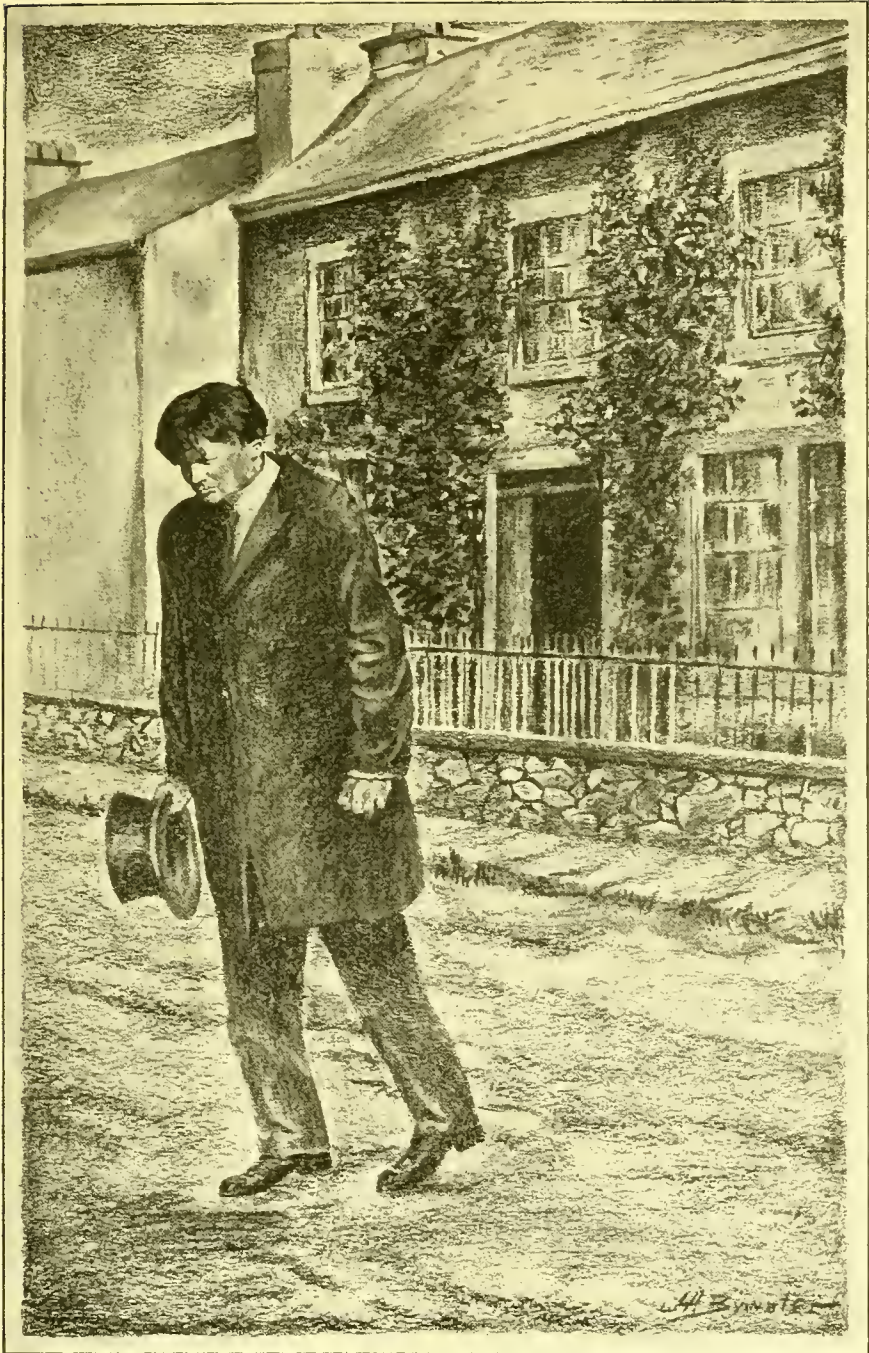
"There goes one of them Mormons!" saluted his ears.

He looked up to see who had spoken. Two young women stood on the corner of the street which he was in the act of turning, and one of them still held up her finger pointing toward him. Giving the girls a savage scowl that sent them scudding away with a giggle, he resumed his way.

How ignorant he was! It appalled him to think of it. Only now did he look into the depths of his empty-headedness. Why had he wasted his time in years past? He could have done something by now if he had but husbanded his resources as he should. Grammar? Was that what his teachers had tried to get him to learn at school? He did not know then that it had any value, and here this man was twitting him for the lack of it! What was it, and how could it help him? Why hadn't he found out something about it in his school days? Over and over again the words rang in his ears: "You can't speak ten words without making a mistake!" and "You don't know anything even about your own religion!" And this was too true! He knew neither his own faith nor the way to say it so that an intelligent man would be attracted by what he said.

A group of women passed him. They were just coming from their work in the factories.

"Hello!" they cried after him. "How



On leaving the home of his prospective convert Gus did not go directly to his lodgings, but wandered aimlessly about the streets, little caring where his feet might lead him.

many wives have ye got? D'ye want any more?"

He paid no heed to them, but the incident plunged him deeper into the gloom of his thoughts.

Why was he here, anyhow? What could an ignoramus like him do on a mission? He should not have come. He was fit only for the task he was doing at the O'Harrigans—tending the horses and doing dirty work! No one respected him here. Even the girls and women jeered at him. Then it struck him that it was all because he was a Mormon. Why was he a Mormon, anyhow? He could not answer the question to his satisfaction.

Thus he came to the beautiful public park of Macclesfield—one of the most attractive in all England, although small. But Gus was hardly aware of the fact that it was the park. He entered and walked on in the same abstracted manner.

He passed by the circular beds of flowers and those also which lined the walk, down into a deep glen thickly shaded by foliage, and then up again without being in any sense aware of the beauty and freshness and charm that lay all about him. As he was passing one of the iron benches which abounded in the little park, a familiar voice hailed him from the direction of the seat—

"Hello, Brother Flynn! Where to?"

Turning a haggard face in that direction, he recognized Silverton. For an instant he was in two minds whether to go on or to join his companion, when the voice at the seat decided him—

"Better sit down and rest awhile!"

The young man turned suddenly, went over to the seat, and threw himself down on it with inexpressible weariness.

"I got through rather sooner than I expected," the elder man explained, "and so came here to enjoy a little quiet. Don't you know, there's nothing like this to induce reflection!"

They were in the northern part of

the park, where the city cemetery joined on to it, and their seat was immediately to the east of a small chapel in which the last rites for the dead were often performed. The scene before them, falling gradually from where they sat, green and flowered and freshly fragrant, was indeed thought-producing! Few people resorted thither, on account perhaps of the nearness of the graves.

Gus did not speak.

"Walking is also a good way to get one's ideas to working, but not so good as sitting in a beautiful park with your back to the graves of the dead."

Silverton said this with a humorous twinkle in his eye, for he had already detected the boy's melancholy and hoped to drive it away.

"To the devil with the graves and the dead people in them!" snapped the dejected Gus.

Silverton was shocked at the irreverence.

"What's the matter, Brother Flynn? Didn't the gentleman you went to see, treat you well?"

"I should say not!"

"What did he do to you? You didn't have another fight, did you?"

"Wisht we had!" said Gus throwing infinite regret into his voice. "Then I'd a-come out on top! He didn't do nothin', he didn't." This last was said in a most sarcastic tone.

"Well, what did he say, then?" asked Silverton adopting the same spirit of sarcasm so far as one might do in an innocent question.

Gus told him the whole story, nothing extenuate nor ought set down in malice—all but his deep dejection, which would have been perfectly obvious to a less keen observer than Silverton, and the reflections that had come to him on his way to the park. In his heart Silverton was glad. This incident he had long waited for, as the one consummation of all his hopes respecting his young friend, as the completion of his education, so to speak, or rather the preparation for a great

stride onward. But he only said—

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

I have already said that Gus had had some training in the art of boxing. The fact of the matter is that he was naturally of a pugnacious disposition, as the reader may have guessed from what he has seen the young missionary doing on various occasions in this narrative. Now, it is not the nature of the pugnacious to give up easily. On the contrary, opposition in any respect generally serves to whet their appetite for a battle, even though for any reason they may for a time have been discouraged. In truth, Gus had been inclined to give up the contest at first, because mainly the battle had to be waged with invisible, intangible weapons. But now that Silverton put the question thus, especially that he put it in this tone, all the old love of battle rushed upon him. And so he said—

"Do about it! Fight to the last ditch—that's what I'm goin' to do about it!"

Silverton looked at the boy wonderingly. "What do you mean?" he wanted to know.

"Why," Gus replied, "I'm goin' to study some answers to that fellow's questions—that's what I'm goin' to do! I didn't know how to answer him, but I'm goin' to, he c'n bet his bottom dollar on that, he can!"

Silverton smiled inwardly at the boy's unsophistication, that he thought of information and the argumentative power in terms of measure, like oats or hay. But he took the spirit of the thing for the letter and said nothing. It was best that Gus should get a knowledge of the real situation from experience. So presently he entered with enthusiasm into the plan to stock Gus's mind with a new supply of facts.

But a suspicion meanwhile crossed the younger man's mind. "Say, those things *can* be answered, can't they?" Gus had taken it for granted that everything the abusive gentleman said was false, or, at all events, a-distortion

of the truth. Now he was beginning to doubt it.

"I don't know. I can tell better when I hear what he said."

"Well, one thing he said was that Joseph Smith was a scoundrel!"

"That's what they all say," replied Silverton, "when they want to oppose our religion. It's easily said and requires no brains to say it."

Gus said that he had suspected as much. He liked the suggestion that it required no brains to oppose the truth, for it is not to be wondered at that this is what this inexperienced youth got out of Silverton's remark. "But it ain't true, is it?" Gus asked eagerly, even anxiously, as if his companion's words had carried a doubt to his mind.

"Why no, certainly not!" Silverton hastened to add. "If I thought it was true, I wouldn't be here!"

Gus looked relieved. "I told him it wasn't true. And then he turned in his confounded way and read from a book that it *was* true—an affi-something about—"

"Affidavit?" the other helped.

"That's it—affidavit—from some of said it was true, and I couldn't declared it was true, and I couldn't answer that. How do you answer it?"

"Easily enough. You can get an affidavit on anything even in these days. Write out what you want and ask a certain class of persons if that isn't about what they know on the subject, and you can get almost any number of them to swear to it. But that isn't all. That was an age of affidavits, the first half of the nineteenth century—the affidavit age. Many people wanted the Prophet to be a scoundrel, and from that to swearing that he was a scoundrel proved but a short step. Besides, a good many of these affidavits—I've read them—were made by old persons struggling to remember something bad about him."

"Wisht I'd a-known all that!" was Gus's only comment.

"What else did the man say?"

"Why," Gus responded, "he said as

baptism means sprinkling and not to put you in the water like we do."

"But that point is disproved in the tract."

"That's what I told him, but he said something—I forget just what—that knocked the track to smithierines."

There was a slight pause, after which Gus hesitatingly asked, "What's grammar, Brother Silverton? The man said I needed it awfully!"

Silverton smiled, feeling inwardly glad. "That's a long story, Brother Flynn." And then, all of a sudden as if he were changing the subject, he asked, "Have you ever been to a dance?"

Gus stared at his friend blankly, and when Silverton had repeated his query, replied, "Sure I've been to a dance!"

"Then I suppose you know that anybody can dance as well the first time as he can the fiftieth time, or the hundredth."

"Not on yer life!" was the instant rejoinder. "I had to learn, and I had a deuce of a time learning, too!"

"Och? And how did you learn?"

Gus colored. "Some girls learned me."

"Then there's a right way and a wrong way in dancing?"

"Sure. An' if you ain't awful careful you'll get the wrong way every time—there's hundreds of wrong ways!"

"And I suppose you could tell, now, whether a person is dancing in the right way or the wrong way?"

"Every time an' no delay! There's Blonk Halsey—he'll never learn to dance. He dances in all them wrong ways and can't get the hitch somehow to a poky. It's more fun to watch him than a box of monkeys."

"Well, what about boxing—do you have to learn that?"

Gus stared again at his friend. Was it believable that a man existed who thought you could box decently without learning? "Learn! Learn boxing!" the young man exclaimed, stressing now the one word and now

the other. "Well, I should snicker! You couldn't do anything in boxing without taking lessons! You've got to hold your right hand jest so, and your left hand jest so, and your feet jest so, and do everything jest so—else you'll be knocked out quicker'n scat!"

"I'm glad to know that. Well, it's just like that in grammar, in speaking English. You've got to pronounce your words just so, and you've got to put your words just so or else you're not speaking correctly."

Gus saw the point.

"And how would those who know how to box look at one who tries to box but doesn't know how?" asked Silverton.

"They'd bawl him out in good shape!" was the answer.

"Well, that's about the way those who have studied English and speak correctly look upon one who doesn't speak correctly, only they don't usually 'bawl him out' for his mistakes."

"That's why that guy bawled me out, then?"

"Yes; he had studied the language himself and easily saw your mistakes, and so thought to get even with you by telling you of them."

Gus saw the point again. He thought a moment, then said, "Could I learn grammar, d'ye think, so's I wouldn't make no mistakes?"

"Of course you could, and what's more you ought to learn it. According to my theory, a missionary is not doing his full duty who only studies the things he is sent here to teach. He must also study how to teach them. And I think that, if a missionary hasn't a knowledge of how to speak correctly, he should study the language. He represents a people who believe in education, and so he should take pride to represent his people in the best way he can. The best way to represent a moral people is to be moral, and the best way to represent an intelligent people is to be intelligent. Now, one of the surest tests of an intelligent man

is his speech. That's why I say that a missionary has this double duty to perform—to study what he has to say and how he is to say it."

Silverton felt that this was throwing salt into Gus's wounds and rubbing it in. But he thought that, while it might hurt for a time, it would in the long run do the boy good. That this would actually be the case was evident from Gus's next words.

"But how can I learn to talk right?"

"One good way is to watch the

speech of those who speak correctly. Another way is to read the best books. And still another way is to study a good grammar. Of course, all along one ought to weed out every error he discovers as fast as he discovers it, and try to replace it by a correct expression."

"Well, I'm sure goin' to do that!" exclaimed Gus. And then he added, "If you'll help me."

Silverton promised to do this.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

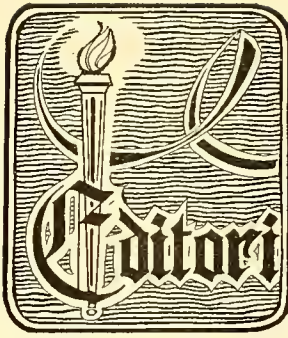
JUNE AND HER ROSES.

BY ANNIE MALIN.

June and her roses! Oh what is more fair?
O'er the senses comes stealing their fragrance most rare.
With colors so glowing
Dame Nature is showing
At bright summer's birth,—
The riot of blossoms,
Most glorious blossoms
She gives to the earth.

June and her roses! What more could one ask?
Perfection shows surely the end of a task.
White, red, and yellow,
Each shaming its fellow
With radiant glow,—
Sent from the Mercy seat,
Sent with a message sweet
To earth below.

Glimmering sunshine, blossoms and birds
Waft on the air a peace, sweeter than words.
All nature is singing,
Her joybells are ringing,—
With God attune.
Of Love Divine they tell!
What can their charm excel?
Roses in June.



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SALT LAKE CITY, - JUNE, 1913

The New Age.

We are undergoing rapid and unthought of changes in this new age. Inventions, increase of wealth, education and other forces of civilization are creating new environments and making great alterations in our methods of living. Thoughtful people are asking what is all means, whither the modern life is carrying us.

The rapid movements of the age are taking on a velocity never known before. We hardly become familiar with one new phase of life when another is crowded upon us. Those who began life many years ago find it more difficult to adjust themselves to changes than those who have begun their earthly career upon the threshold of the new age.

The older generation may be excused if they seriously wonder whether things are going to pieces, whether things are not topsy-turvy, whether there is not a serious wreckage just ahead. We are confronted almost daily by the unexpected.

There need be no doubt about the seriousness of the future. It is laden with those calamities foretold by the Prophet when this dispensation was ushered in. Modern Babylon will have to fall, and nothing points to that fall with more unerring certainty than the pride with which men boast of their greatness and everlasting glory. The fulfillment of prophecy will confirm the faith of the Saints in Divine predictions. With respect to the calamities that are to overtake the earth, the Saints are simply in an expectant, waiting attitude. They do not rejoice in calamities on the one hand nor question the righteous purposes of God on the other.

Aside from the nation-wide dangers that await the human family, there are individual dangers that are sure to overtake us. The general wickedness and an ungodly age will have its baneful influence upon us personally. The

spirit of the age is a potent factor in the life of every man and every woman. It must be recognized and its evils guarded against. There is a positive menace to our welfare when we are content to drift with the tide of events and make the common standards of society the standard of our obligations. We are safe only as we stem the current of public life. It will influence us greatly; but we must not be controlled by the general sentiments of the age in which we live. If our lives are purely worldly we need not hope for any escape from the calamities of the world. We shall become a part of the seething caldron without any power of resistance if we do not gather power by resisting the temptations of an untoward age.

There is a positive danger in the acquiescence to popular favor and to the universal spirit of the times. The judgments of God await us and His judgments do not befall the world when His children are living divinely approved lives. It is not merely a sinful world that invites His judgments. It is also an unrepentant age, a state

of wickedness beyond the reach of patient warning and exhortation.

In such an age men and women are prone to take liberties in wrong doing. They are thinking too much of the pleasure of society and the indulgences which everywhere surround them. Their worldly advantages lead them on to questionable conduct and sordid selfishness.

It is to be feared that too many look upon the judgments of God as those which belong to the world at large, the judgments that are to befall nations. Our individual sins call for judgment and when we refuse to listen to wholesome warnings, and to exhortations to righteousness we may be sure that we shall in some way be brought to a personal account. We may well be more concerned about the dangers to us personally of the new age, than to the nations at large. Our first duty is that we be personally in harmony with God's purposes. We have a double evil to combat; the evil to which we are individually prone, and the evil of a sinful age.

THE SMALLER SERVICE.

James sets before us that justification is by works and not by faith only. Faith is the fountain-head whence works proceed. As a fruit tree to be good, brings forth fruit, so faith to be real brings forth works. The Bible from first to last insists upon personal righteousness. Common life teaches us that a salvation that did not insist upon virtue would be the destruction of society. Yet we are prone to regard only something very conspicuous as a good work. If the object is good, and the motives that prompt it pure, the great act is a good act. But there are thousands of little things done that are good to one great thing that is good. Under the list of good works might be mentioned a gentle speech, a soft answer, a look of love, a touch of sympathy, the forethought that anticipates the wishes of others, the spirit of self-sacrifice which suffers inconvenience for the sake of others, in fact all these little things which adorn and glorify the home life. Nothing is small that is done for God and in His name. —*Selected.*



Superintendents' Department.

*General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and
Stephen L. Richards.*

SACRAMENT GEM FOR JULY, AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

In memory of the broken flesh,
We eat the broken bread;
And witness with the cup, afresh,
Our faith in Christ, our Head.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR JULY, 1913.

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

Ex. 20:8, 9, 10, 11.

Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work:

But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath Day, and hallowed it.

Secretaries and Treasurers' Department.

Geo. D. Pyper, General Secretary; John F. Bennett, General Secretary.

Subjects for July.

1. Unfinished business.
2. Roll Books.
 - a. Officers and Teachers' roll book.
 - b. Class Rolls.
3. The Value of Efficiency.
 - a. To the School.
 - b. To the Secretary.
4. Topic: Authority in the Ministry (see Articles of Faith, Lecture X.)

Choristers and Organists' Department.



Horace S. Ensign, Chairman; Geo. D. Pyper, Robert Lindsay McGhie.
and Joseph Ballantyne.

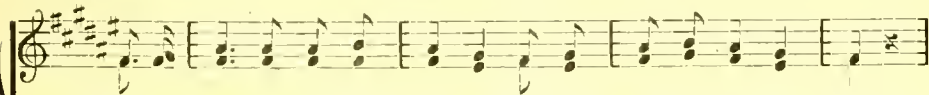
Let Me Labor in Thy Service.

EVAN STEPHENS.



CHARLES S. NEBEKER.

Moderato, with Feeling.



- 
1. Let me la - bor in Thy serv - ice, Gentle Mas - ter of my life;
 2. Let me la - bor in Thy serv - ice, Tho' my aid be weak and small,
 3. Let me la - bor in Thy serv - ice, All my fu - ture nights and days,
- 




Let me not be - come an i - dler, Looking heedless on the strife.
But an a - tom in cre - a - tion, Tho' I give my lit - tle all;
'Tis the on - ly lasting la - bor, That up - lifts and ne'er de - cays.



Prompt me ev - er to be ready, With some act and deed of love.
But to me this lit - tle la - bor Is of mighty precious worth,
'Tis the work that brings me comfort, When all else but brings me gain,



To up - hold and aid, and forward, Thy great work, and faithful prove,
Making me an aid and brother, To the Lord of heav'n and earth.
Thou a - lone wilt cause my la - bor Endless life and joy to gain.



Music and Morals.

The New York commissioner of correction has asked for a small appropriation to pay for teaching instrumental music to the inmates of the reformatory. "Music," he says, "is extremely beneficial in the general scheme of social reform, for which this institution is established, and is necessary as part of the special reform work there."

The wisdom of such a plan can hardly be questioned. The refining influence of music, both artistically and morally, is so great, the wonder is that it has not been used more widely in social reform schemes. It is not an accident that the churches make so much use of music. Neither was it ac-

cidental that the ancient Greeks gave music so large a place in their plan of education. It fills a big human need, and is a power, when rightly wielded, in shaping character.

The introduction of music in penal institutions would not only have a wholesome effect in itself, but the study of it would give useful and agreeable occupation to men otherwise prone to solitary and melancholy brooding in their leisure hours. Some of the houses of correction, particularly the Cleveland workhouse, have established night schools for prisoners, using volunteer teachers, many of whom are prisoners themselves, and has reported admirable results. Such a school, including musical instruction, might well be established in every such institution.—*The Scherzo*.

Parents' Department.

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter, Hyrum G. Smith, and Charles H. Hart.

New Plan of Work.

1. A Parents' Class Calendar.
2. One Sunday each month for local problems.
3. Regular lessons, two each month, to be provided by General Committee through the Instructor.
4. General subject for regular lessons to be followed up for three months.
5. The Stake supervisors of parents' classes to meet twice a year, near the conference time, to discuss parents' class problems, and lay out work for the classes under the direction of the General Committee.

The foregoing plan is, in brief, the result of a most excellent meeting held on Sunday, April 27th, in the office of the First Presidency. Present at the meeting were four members of the Parents' Class Committee of the General Board and some twenty stake supervisors of parents' classes, representing most of the central stakes of

the Church. It was deemed inadvisable to try to assemble, on so short a notice, all the stake supervisors; but the General Committee was very anxious to get the views of the stake workers, and succeeded in doing so.

A full and free expression from practically all present was had. Many most valuable suggestions as to methods and material for the coming work were brought forth. The workers all felt that the meeting was remarkably successful from all points, and returned with renewed determination to make the parents' classes move forward as never before.

Now, as to the plan agreed on, some further explanation is necessary. Let us consider each point separately:

A Parents' Class Calendar.

This merely means that there are certain seasonable topics which come round regularly every year. Practically every month brings one or more

of them. For example, in May we have "Mother's Day." What more fitting theme for parents' classes than this? Most classes already observe it by providing some appropriate program or special exercises. Why not make the day one uniformly to be observed by our classes? Other months likewise have their special days or timely subjects. It was the thought that this proposed calendar, without being made too rigid, might well announce ahead for the quarter or half year, the special days, and suggestions be offered as to their appropriate observance.

To that end we propose as the calendar for the coming summer months the following subjects:

June. The Temperance Question.

July. Sabbath Breaking.

August. The Typhoid Peril.

The Temperance Question.

In suggesting the temperance question for June we have in mind the liquor traffic in particular. The parents need to know more about the liquor law. They should be waked to the dangers that threaten their communities from the "blind pigs," and other illicit traffic in liquor; and especially should they rally themselves in those communities where a new election has been called to vote on the prohibition question again. Some of the Utah cities have such an election on for this year. The parents' classes of all the state are praying for the defeat of the friends of this traffic. If a town that has been voted dry should go wet, it would be a decided set back for other dry towns. Let the parents rally to this fight and win. Let those who have no such fight, take up other liquor problems. Let them study their rights under the liquor law and plan to enforce that law. As suggested in the recent convention, we should not be lying idle on this question. Why not take the aggressive and make a fight to extend the dry territory. Note that

no election is being called in those cities that are wet. The friends of the liquor traffic are not asleep. Why should we not wake up?

Further suggestions on the other topics of the calendar will be given later. *Emphasize the subject of Temperance early in June, and work for it not only then but always.*

The Local Problems.

These depend on you. Each stake, and sometimes each community has its local problems. The Stake supervisor should guide the local supervisors in choosing the problem to be handled each month. It should generally be worked out by the stake workers in Union Meeting, or one ward may, with approval of the Stake supervisor, handle a ward problem. If any month contain five Sundays, two of these Sundays are to be used for local problems. This matter belongs to the local workers. It is proposed that usually the calendar subject be considered the first Sunday in the month, the local subject the last Sunday. This, however, is not binding. *This local problem is your problem. Work out your own outlines.*

The Quarterly Subject.

The two regular lessons per month to be provided by the General Committee, it was agreed, should pertain to some general subject and this general subject should be the work for three months. The idea is that we should *follow up* a subject till we have reached some conclusions and crystallized our discussions in the form of definite action so far as we can.

It was further decided that for the coming three months—June, July, and August—the general subject shall be:

Summer Pastime Problems.

The thought towards which every lesson should aim may be expressed in this slogan:

Excesses and extravagances are the forerunners of sin and shame.

What can parents do to check the excesses and lessen the extravagance? Take some definite problem that distresses your community; solve it. Already in the May number, in anticipation of this subject, several vital subjects have been suggested. We repeat them here:

1. Improper courtship practices.
2. The buggy riding evils.
3. Ragtime dancing.
4. Resort extravagances.
5. The canyon excursion.

To bring the work within the plan just decided on we propose the following as

The Work for June and July.

Since the work for June was outlined in the May number, it may be difficult for the various classes to readjust themselves at once to the new plan; but so far as possible this should be done at once. We suggest that the classes try to follow this general outline for June and July:

For June.

Lesson 1.

Calendar Subject. The Temperance Question.

- a. Make a study of the liquor law.
- b. Discuss ways and means of enforcing the law.
- c. Talk of temperance in the home and elsewhere.
- d. If an election is on, plan a campaign.

Lesson 2.

Quarterly Subject. Summer Pastime Problems.

Special Topic One: Candy and Refreshment Intemperance.

- a. What are the refreshment habits costing your community? What is your candy bill?
- b. Investigate and discuss ways and means to lessen the expense. It would be well to have a committee appointed the previous Sunday to make inquiry and report.

Lesson 3.

Quarterly Subject. Summer Pastime Problems.

Special Topic Two: Costly Cheap Pleasures.

- a. How much is your community paying for cheap shows, excursions, dances, and other resort pleasures?
- b. What are the returns? Are they worth the cost?
- c. Why is it harder to pay the grocery bills during July and August than at other times during the year?
- d. What can be done to check the extravagance of foolish pastimes, and at the same time provide enough sensible pleasures for ourselves and our children?

Lesson 4.

Local Subject.

Consult with your Stake-supervisor, decide what you will take up, and make your own outline well beforehand. Do not scatter over too wide a field. Take something simple yet definite that needs attention and attend to it. If you have no special subject, it may be you will desire more time on the subjects suggested.

For July.

Lesson 1.

Calendar Subject. Sabbath Breaking.

- a. Discuss ways and means of increasing attendance at the Parents' Class, at the Sunday School, and at the Ward Meeting.
- b. In this connection take up the following:
 1. Hot Sunday dinners.
 2. Parents with babes in arms: How can we best help them to get to Parents' Classes?
 3. Sunday pleasures: What can be done to check the excesses?

Lesson 2.

Quarterly Subject. Summer Pastime Problems.

Special Topic Three: Dance Evils.

- a. Be it resolved that ragtime and other improper dancing shall be stopped.
- b. Discuss ways of making this resolution effective.
- c. Shall a Committee from the Parents' Class be appointed to attend each dance and assist the management in keeping down the evil?
- d. Suggest other ways of preventing dance evils.
- e. Discuss hours of dancing.
- f. Put your conclusions into action.

Lesson 3.

Quarterly Subject. Summer Pastime Problems.

Special Topic Four: Chaperoning the Young.

- a. Direct your discussion toward these thoughts.

1. Shall children be allowed to go to dances unescorted by older people?
2. Shall young people be permitted to take trips into the canyons or go on other excursions except when accompanied by responsible older persons?
3. How can a proper companionship between old and young, between fathers and mothers and sons and daughters, be best fostered?

Lesson 4.

Local Subject.

If desired, the local subject may be related to the general subject of the quarter, with special local application; or it may be something entirely different. Plan well beforehand.

Theological Department.

John M. Mills, Chairman; James E. Ta Image, Geo. H. Wallace, Milton Bennion and Edwin G. Woolley, Jr.

First Year—Lessons for July.

Jesus, the Christ.

[By Dr. James E. Talmage.]

Lesson 19. "Thou art the Christ."

We have here to deal with the testimony of the first of the apostles,—his declaration that he knew Jesus to be the Christ. The occasion of this declaration was somewhat unusual. Jesus and His company were journeying on the way to Cæsarea Philippi after a period of comparative retirement. It is evident that many varied rumors were afloat and many diverse opinions were current as to the status and authority of Jesus, the new prophet who had appeared among the Jews. It is significant that while some regarded Jesus as some one of the prophets of old who had re-appeared among the people, there seems to have been no report that Jesus was the Mes-

siah (Matt. 16:13, 14; Mark 8:27, 28). It was a very common belief among the Jews of that day that the ancient prophets would return from the grave. (See references given in outline.)

Jesus directed His questions to Peter; and after inquiring as to what the people generally said regarding Him, He asked Peter: "But whom say ye that I am?" Observe the impetuosity, the sincerity, and the genuineness of Peter's response; it is indeed a supreme and perfect testimony:—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." This testimony was in and of itself a blessing to its possessor; it was a great gift from God,—a gift beyond human power to impart. Jesus immediately declared that such a testimony was the result of revelation from God, and added: "Upon this rock I will build my Church." The rock here referred to figuratively is

plainly the rock of revelation,—a firm support, a distinguishing characteristic of the Church of Christ. Peter received the promise that unto him should be given the keys of the kingdom, comprising such power that whatsoever he should bind or loose on earth should be bound or loosed in heaven. Beyond question this is the power of the holy priesthood, whose administrations on earth are thus shown to be rendered valid in heaven (Matt. 16:19; compare 18:18; John 20:23).

It is instructive to note that from the time of Peter's confession, Jesus began to show His disciples what would surely befall Him, viz.: His death and resurrection. Peter protested and was even so presumptuous as to rebuke his Lord, and was severely rebuked in turn. Jesus then made plain to His chosen apostles that self-denial and suffering were their inevitable lot (Matt. 16:21-28).

In response to Peter's testimony and declaration Jesus said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church." It will be remembered that the name of this apostle was Simon, and that the designation "Peter" was given him by Jesus. In the Greek language the name given by Christ is written "Petros" and this word means a rock. (Note our modern English derivatives from this word,—*"petrify"* meaning to convert into stone, *"petrology,"* the science of rocks and stones, etc.) By many, notably the Roman Catholic Church, it is argued that since Christ said: "Upon this rock I will build my Church," and since the new name given to Simon, viz.: Peter, means a rock, it is to be inferred that Christ meant that Peter would be the rock upon which He would build His Church; and that consequently the successors of Peter must necessarily represent the fundamental authority of the Church. The Latter-day Saints accept no such interpretation. The Church of Christ is founded upon no man's power or authority; it is as its

name implies, the Church of Jesus Christ; and the rock upon which it is founded is the rock of revelation by means of which the Church is supported and sustained.

Belief in continual revelation, as the needs of the Church may demand, is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the modern Church, or the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, as it was a distinguishing characteristic of the ancient Church, or the Church of the former-day Saints.

Lesson 20. The Transfiguration.

The remarkable incident or manifestation known as the transfiguration probably took place about a week after the events considered in our last lesson, and during the period of Christ's continued journey to northern Palestine. It was, moreover, during the period of His temporary retirement from the active work of preaching to the multitudes. Taking with Him Peter, James, and John, he retired to a high mountain. Observe that Peter, James, and John, so selected, were the same three apostles who had previously been chosen to witness remarkable manifestations, specifically the raising of the daughter of Jairus (Mark 5:37; Luke 8:51); and these later were witnesses of the night agony of Jesus in Gethsemane (Matt. 26:37; Mark 14:33).

As to the place at which the transfiguration occurred, the traditional accounts designate Tabor or Hermon as the mountain referred to; the weight of evidence is in favor of the latter, though nothing decisive is known.

For the transfiguration a secluded spot was chosen. The manifestation was one of bewildering glory. Moses and Elias appeared while the three apostles were heavy with sleep. When they awoke they beheld the glorified Christ with His heavenly visitants. Note that Moses had been taken one thousand four hundred years before, and that Elijah had been translated

nearly nine hundred years before this event. These two were the chief characters in the literature and history of ancient Israel, with which doubtless the apostles were familiar. The subject of consultation between Christ on the one hand and Moses and Elias on the other, was that of Christ's approaching decease. In this connection note the significance of the term decease. It means a departure or going away; it is in every way less harsh than the term death.

Undoubtedly Peter and his fellow apostles were bewildered, and this condition may explain his suggestion that they make three tabernacles; one for Christ, one for Moses, and one for Elias. This seemingly obscure remark becomes more plain when we remember that at the feast of Tabernacles, one of the chief of the Jewish festivals, it was customary to erect a little bower or tent, perhaps not larger than an Indian wickiup, for each individual worshiper, into which he could retire alone for devotional service.

The two visitants were Moses and Elias, or as given in the original, Elijah. The names Elias and Elijah are used interchangeably in the Old Testament scriptures though it must be remembered that "Elias" is both name and title. The original language in which the Jewish scriptures were written makes plain that Moses and Elijah were the visitants to Christ at the time of the transfiguration. These two represent the law and the prophets; Moses was the great lawgiver and Elijah the great interpreter and defender of the law. The divine manifestation at the time of the transfiguration made plain the fact that while Moses and Elijah stood as types and exemplars of the law and the prophets they were subject to the higher law, or the gospel revealed through Christ, for they came and ministered unto the Son of God. The effect of this manifestation must have been surpassingly great on the minds of the three mortal apostles; for to them as to all the Jews,

Moses and Elijah stood as the type of personification of the power of God in the ages then past. Now even these great leaders of Israel came and ministered unto the Lord Jesus with whom the mortal apostles walked and talked, ate and drank, and otherwise associated familiarly.

This manifestation of the departed prophets was followed by a voice from heaven—"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him." Could Peter, James, and John doubt the divinity of Jesus after this?

The more important of the incidental matters connected with the transfiguration are treated with sufficient fulness in the outline.

Lesson 21. "As a Little Child."

After the events considered in our last lesson,—those that occurred on the Mount of Transfiguration, Jesus journeyed with His apostles to Capernaum. Disputation arose among the apostles as to who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. The question indicates that the apostles had an erroneous conception of the "kingdom of heaven." It is plain that they had not yet discarded the idea, then current among the Jews, of a kingdom of temporal power. They wondered who was to be the premier or chief minister, who was to be the commander-in-chief of the troops, who the chancellor of the kingdom. Plainly, they did not yet understand that Peter had been appointed as their president. Personal ambition was yet strong among them. Jesus taught them, however, that rank means service; that the highest in rank is the humblest. True greatness is not marked by proud display. (See Luke 22:24.) It was the usual way of the Great Teacher, the Teacher of teachers, to illustrate His lessons by present and familiar examples. As a type of greatness He set before them a little child, one whom He called perhaps from the passing crowd. He presented the child as a guide. Humility is a

condition of admission to the kingdom; even the apostles were in need of instruction as to the meaning of true humility.

Note that while He set before them a child as a type, He did not intend that they should be childish but only child-like. Compare with this the later incident of the children who were brought to Christ. The apostles thinking that He would be worried and annoyed by the little ones essayed to turn them away. This was an instance of mistaken zeal. Note our Savior's admonition: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 19:14).

The difference between childish and child-like characteristics is all important. Those who would come to Christ and be truly His must become like little children in obedience, truthfulness, humility, faith, and purity. The child is a trusting, natural believer. The childish one is careless, foolish, neglectful. Between these two characteristics note the counsel of Paul to the Corinthian saints: "Brethren, be not children in understanding; howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men" (I. Cor. 14: 20; see also 13:11).

From many scriptures it is evident that children are precious before the Lord. Their rights are jealously guarded; the sin of taking advantage of their weakness is enormous; children are not to be despised, neglected, nor unrighteously offended. Angels represent them in heaven (Matt. 18: 6, 10).

Note that little children are acceptable unto God and that they require no ordinance of baptism into the kingdom; infant baptism is both unscriptural and sacrilegious. (See "Articles of Faith," 6:13). Jesus was ever pleased to honor children. Even after His resurrection He exemplified this fact. (See III Nephi 17:11-25.)

In connection with the foregoing the following instances are in point. Jesus

came to recover the lost, to save, not to destroy (Matt. 18:11; Luke 9:56; 19:10; John 3:17; 12:47). This fact is made plain in the parables of Christ. Study carefully the parable of the lost sheep:—one of a hundred had strayed; a search was instituted; the search was successful; note the joy that followed.

The lesson herein conveyed to the apostles demonstrates the Father's will that not one of the little ones should perish (Matt. 18:14). This instructive parable was repeated later to the pharisees and scribes with a somewhat different application (Luke 15: 1-7).

Third Year—Church History.

[Prepared by John Henry Evans.]

Every class in the history of the Church is supposed to have what we call "testimony meeting" one Sunday every month—twelve during the year. But, since the members of this class are mostly young persons, it is somewhat difficult at times to make these sessions interesting. In some cases they lag, spiritless; in others there are no testimonies at all, the class going on in the regular way. This article is therefore intended to help such teachers in this department as feel a need of help in conducting testimony classes.

To begin with, however, let me say a word in defense of such recitations. For there are persons who believe either that young people do not have testimonies, or that inasmuch as these "testimony meetings" drag so in many cases it is not worth while to hold them and hence there would be more profit to go on with the regular class work. I believe both of these propositions to be wrong. The first one is wrong, either because it involves a mistaken conception of what a testimony consists of or because it ignores the nature and capacities of young persons. And the second is wrong because it places too much em-

phasis on the intellectual and too little on the emotional and spiritual side of human nature.

As human beings we have an idea-getting apparatus—the five senses—and also an idea-expressing apparatus—the hands, the varied facial expression, and the tongue. Now, as a matter of fact, our Sunday School classes must not be permitted to develop into idea-getting institutions. As it is, we already attach too much importance to the getting of ideas. To be sure, our young people, must get ideas about religion. But they should express their ideas and feelings too. And this is at least as important as the other. Testimony bearing is the expression of their personal experiences, and as such is valuable beyond our ability to compute it. Besides, as President Brigham Young used often to say, more testimonies are gained on the feet than on the knees. Then, too, there is an added value to the fact that a testimony is voluntary, brought about by a compulsion rather from within than by compulsion from without. On the whole, I am inclined to think that there are few recitations that can be conducted in Sunday School which are of even equal value as are testimony-classes when properly conducted. And, instead of wishing to do away with these meetings, teachers should instead endeavor to consider the difficulties in the way of successful testimony-classes with a view to removing them.

So much for the value of these meetings. How may we make them what they ought to be—promoters of faith and right living?

First should come the teacher's own attitude in the matter. No teacher can expect to conduct a profitable testimony-meeting when he comes to the class with dread and dislike for what he is about to do. An attitude like that would kill anything—would make anything drag. But what is one to do—how is one to help his feelings? Why, get rid of the feeling, the attitude—that is all. But how? By re-

fusing to dwell on the bad attitude and cultivating a good one. I heard not long ago of a young woman in one of our Church high schools who had been advised not to take a certain teacher's class because he was what is called a "hard teacher" and a "low marker." But for some reason she had to enter his class. Being a sensible girl, she said to herself, "I'm going to like him anyway!" This attitude saved her a good deal of bad feeling, for she came to like that teacher. The same principle holds good in practically everything else. So the teacher who has testimony-meetings to conduct should say to himself, "Testimonies are valuable. I ought to have good ones in my class. I must study now to make them such. I am going to like testimony-meetings anyway. I am going to try to be enthusiastic for them." With such an attitude as this to begin with a great step has been taken towards making testimony-meetings successful. After getting himself into this attitude a teacher will find it extremely helpful to visit the class of some teacher known for his enthusiasm in the recitation, whether in conducting testimonies or not. Enthusiasm, you know, is catching.

Secondly, the word "testimony" would probably best not be used in connection with this class recitation, particularly to the members of the class, or at least care should be taken to explain the word. This may at first be thought to be straining at gnats only to swallow camels. But a little reflection, I think, will show that more is in it than meets the eye.

What does the word "testimony" count to the average young person? Why, what he has been accustomed to see and hear in connection with the word as used by his elders at fast meetings. And what is that? Why, again, the expression of personal knowledge that God lives, that Christ is the Redeemer of mankind, that the gospel is true, and that Joseph Smith is a true prophet. And in many cases,

it would seem, this knowledge has come through dreams, visions, and revelations. Now, this average young person says to himself when he is asked for a testimony, "I don't have a testimony, if that's what a testimony means." And very likely he hasn't. So he says nothing. The word testimony has side-tracked his religious experiences.

The truth is, that young persons have testimonies, if we use the word in its broad sense. What is a testimony? Nothing in the world but the expression of a personal experience. What is a testimony in the strictly religious sense? Merely the expression of a personal experience in respect to some religious truth. If one knows from personal experience that there is a God, that Jesus redeemed us, that "Mormonism" is true, and if he tells somebody of the fact, then that is a testimony in the religious sense. But if one tells us from his personal knowledge that honesty is good and dishonesty is not, why, that is a testimony too, and just as good, though not so broad, as the other. I heard President Smith say once that if a member of the class should say that he believed in these religious truths, he would accept it as a testimony. "Indeed," he added, "if he said he would like to believe them, I would accept that as a testimony." In a word, then, anything should be received as a testimony that expresses sincerely and truthfully one's personal experiences respecting religious truth.

To apply this thought: Religion, or the gospel, includes a great many principles of conduct, like truthfulness,

sincerity, virtue, faith, repentance, charity, and so on. Is there any one who has reached the age of accountability that does not know from his own personal experience that some of these are good and that the opposites of them are bad? Then let him say so, and he has given a testimony. Again, some interesting things have happened in the history of the Church, of which the class has been studying. Has any of these impressed the pupils? Let them say so, and they have borne a testimony.

This matter of not using the word "testimony" or of explaining what it means, is very important to keep in mind from the start.

Thirdly, some devices may be used to create interest in testimony-bearing. Some teachers announce a general principle as the subject round which the voluntary expressions of experience may cluster. Thus, for instance, for a given fast day the topic may be truthfulness, or resisting temptation, and each member of the class will be expected to tell some experience, his or some one else's according as the teacher may direct, relating to the general topic. Other teachers begin the recitation on fast days by relating an inspiring experience of his own or by giving one from somebody else's experience. He kindles the fire, as Dr. Maeser used to say. And still other teachers arrange beforehand with students whom he can easily influence to bear their testimony when the class seems to be dragging. Often backward pupils may be coached along in this way.



Second Intermediate Department.

Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds, J. Leo Fairbanks.

Our Problem: The Adolescent Youth.

[Prepared by J. Leo Fairbanks.]

1. Adolescence is the time of life when the human organism begins its perfect functioning. It is a period of discovery and an adjustment to the new life when childish ways are put off and manhood or womanhood is taken on. "It is a second birth. Nature takes the youth on her lap and plays on his soul with all its rich orchestra of influences." It is a period when the child seems emotionally. Instability and fluctuation are characteristic of this period. Sometimes children develop by contrast and reaction into opposites.
2. Adolescence is marked by bodily strength and rapid growth. Growth exhilarates. Recuperative power is enormous and inexhaustible. The child is able to withstand disease. His athletic prowess is reckless. He is willing to take risks, moral as well as physical. He has great hopes and fears not temptations.
3. A child of Second Intermediate age lives in the present and has a love of just being alive. He is for pleasure whether epicurean or aesthetic. He loves intense states of mind and is passionately fond of excitement. His indifference is affected or is a mental disease.
4. The wisdom and advice of parents and teachers is often overtopped by his ruder nature and blank contradiction. Rebellion against authority and parental restraint is caused by his fighting age. This revolt later will become dedication to the service if rightly guided by

love rather than by force, which makes him resentful.

5. The faculties of respect and reverence often seem entirely wanting and give place to self-confidence. He is excessive or defective, selfish or generous, greedy or magnanimous.
6. This age of questioning is one of exploration and investigation. He tests the ideas of men and questions everything, argues and reasons in his attempt to adjust matters to his way of thinking. His ideals hold strong sway.
7. His curiosity and interest are the first outcrop of his intellectual activity. He is greedy for knowledge in many directions.
8. This is his humanistic stage. He loves heroes and historic epochs. He is passionately fond of stories of great men. His ambition is aroused, his ideals formed, and his future career planned. Nothing appeals to him more than the sense of movement or progression.
9. Great lives and deeds never shine so brightly or seem so near or beckon so alluringly as at this period.
10. He is enthused over vocations and trades. He aspires to excel physically and mentally, longs for struggle, makes an effort to combat, loves the hard strenuous life, and scorns ease. He wills, feels that he must make effort to be wise, perfect, rich, good and loved.
11. At this period is the age of conversion and spiritual awakening. Indeed it is a period of Spiritual intoxication. The moral and religious sentiments develop. It is a period of formation of personal character and high resolves. Contact

with nature is one of the best means of developing these interests.

12. Faith or feeling of oneness with God is an awakening to the demands of the higher life, a seeking for perfection which one does not find in earth life. The need therefore of exercising faith which if not called out makes the capacity less and less. All Christian virtues were first exercised toward father and mother and at the adolescent period transferred to the invisible God.
13. The social interests develop at this period. Loyalty, friendship etc. are self willed acts. It is a period of consciousness of relation to others and develops self consciousness. Strong friendships are formed, chums are chosen, co-operative team work planned for the common good.
14. In the coming manhood and womanhood the permanent interests are now manifest if they are ever manifest at all.

Teachers' Responsibility.

1. To know characteristic qualities of the adolescent period.
2. To have grasp of the details of the lesson by being well prepared with clear arrangement of subject matter and a single great principle to impress.
3. To make pupils feel that the character they are studying is a real man and within reach, one who has common characteristics with ourselves.
4. To hold before pupils great ideals, remembering that what one habitually admires one actually does. Quicken his love for the ideal.
5. To avoid violating the pupils' sense of justice or love.
6. To remember that the lesson fails

if it does not impress, or if it is lost in a mass of detail.

Teachers' Preparation.

1. Recount the details of the story to yourself without use of book or outline before presenting it to the pupils. Give life, color, reality to the character. Make the subject a real man in a real world.
2. Think of pupils' attitude and the questions you will put to him.
3. Remember the spiritual aim is to impress children with a moral aim that will carry into their lives.
4. By sympathetic and tactful. Study children's needs and development.
5. Fresh preparation is necessary as an impetus even for old lessons.
6. What one says gains power from the depth of his fund of knowledge.
7. What is your goal? Without thoughtful, prayerful preparation you are most likely to arrive at nowhere.

First Year—Lessons for July.

[Prepared by Bertha Irvine, Liberty Stake.]

Lesson 19. Alma's Repentance and Good Works.

Teacher's text: Mosiah 17:1-4; 18th chapter; 23:1-4; Dictionary of Book of Mormon, pp. 17-21; Story of Book of Mormon, chapters 21 and 22.

Pupils' text: Mosiah 17:1-4; 18:1-17.

Individual assignments: Mosiah 18:18-22; 18:23-26; 18:27-29; Story of baptism of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery; Written description of Forest of Mormon.

Predominant thought: True repentance brings the blessings of the Lord.

Briefly review the teachings of Abinadi, Mosiah 13th to 16th chapters. Alma wrote and taught the same doctrine to his people.

Setting of lesson: The few descriptive words (Mosiah 18:4, 5, 30) leave room for the imagination to play its part. The forest and fountain in the Land of Mormon were evidently but a short distance from the land of Lehi-Nephi, as it seems the people went there to worship and returned to the city to pursue their daily avocations. It however must have been a secluded spot, and perhaps shunned on account of the wild beasts that at seasons infested it, for had it been otherwise a people numbering over four hundred could not have gathered there and engaged in worship without being discovered even sooner than they were. "Here in the midst of the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, and by the side of the inviting stream, did Alma proclaim the principles of everlasting life." To the converted people it became a sacred place, as it was there they came to a knowledge of their Redeemer.

In connection with this lesson, places made sacred to the Latter-day Saints by events that have happened in them, might be mentioned, such as the grove where Joseph Smith offered his first prayer, the Hill Cumorah, etc. (See Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 128:20, 21).

Lesson Statement: We first become acquainted with Alma during the trial of Abinadi. He was one of the priests of Noah, and the only one who raised his voice in defense of the prophet. For thus sympathizing he had to flee from the wrath of King Noah.

"Alma was an Israelite of the tribe of Manasseh, a direct descendant of Nephi. He was born in the land of Lehi-Nephi or a region contiguous, 173 years before the advent of the Redeemer, when Zeniff was king in that portion of the South American continent." (Reynolds.)

We note that the first lesson impressed upon the mind of Alma was the necessity of his own repentance. While hiding from King Noah his mind had dwelt upon the words of

Abinadi and he was convinced of their truth. He employed his time writing down all he could remember of these teachings. "The power, the importance, the efficiency of Abinadi's teachings had sunk deep in the heart of Alma; he not only realized their truth, but he comprehended their saving value."

His great desire was to teach to others what he felt convinced of himself, and to bring those to repentance who would listen to him. He must needs go quietly among the people, for he was well acquainted with the wickedness of the king and his priests. He found some who would listen to the saving truths he had to teach: faith, repentance, baptism and the reception of the Spirit of the Lord. He formed them into a Church of Christ, and taught them to live at peace with each other, to keep the Sabbath day holy, and to impart freely of their substance to one another. Priests were ordained to labor among this little band of believers, and they were to give their services freely. The names of Alma and Helam are the only ones mentioned.

We doubt not that the people rejoiced greatly in the gospel and the freedom it offered from the bonds of sin which had fettered them; from darkness they had come into a glorious light.

King Noah became aware of a movement among his people, and sent spies to find out the meaning of it. His army was then sent to destroy Alma and his people. However, the Lord was merciful to His repentant people, and warned them. By His power they were aided to escape. Their journey must have been an exciting one, impeded as they were with flocks and provisions and with their little ones; yet, under the blessing of the Lord they were enabled to out-travel their enemies. After eight days they reached the pleasant land of Helam, where there was an abundant supply of water.

"We have no direct information with

regard to the course taken by this colony, but it is evident, from the details of their later history, that the new settlement lay somewhere between the lands of Nephi and Zarahemla, though possibly somewhat aside from the most direct route. We think it far from improbable that it was situated at the head waters of some of the numerous tributaries of the Amazon that take their rise on the eastern slopes of the Andes." (Reynolds.)

The manner in which Alma taught the gospel might be illustrated by the manner in which our elders have to teach the gospel in some of our missions.

Note the difference between the organization of the Church of Christ among the people of King Noah and its organization among the people of King Benjamin.

Lesson 20. Noah's Life Valued as a 'Garment in a Hot Furnace.'

Teacher's Text: Mosiah 12:3; 19:1-24.

Pupils' Text: Mosiah 19:1-15.

Individual Assignments: Mosiah 19:16-21; contrast death of Noah with that of Abinadi.

Predominant Thought: A selfish and wicked life makes one a coward.

Review Noah's life up to the time of this lesson.

Setting: Lehi-Nephi, and the wilderness surrounding it. The tower to which Noah fled when pursued by Gideon is most likely the one mentioned in Mosiah 11:12.

Lesson Statement: King Noah's people, whom he had led in sinful acts, now began to grow discontented. They were burdened with taxes which made their lives full of toil, while the king and his priests idled away their time in luxury, which the people so dearly paid for.

Among those who rose against the king was one named Gideon, "a strong and zealous man," and most likely an officer in the king's army. He met in personal combat with King Noah,

swearing in his wrath that he would slay him with the sword. However, death was not to come to Noah in this manner, for had not a prophet of the Lord declared otherwise?

Noah fled to the high tower near the temple, and there, on looking towards Shemlon, a city of the Lamanites, not far from Lehi-Nephi, he saw an army of the Lamanites advancing. He then appealed to the patriotism of Gideon, saying, "Spare me, for the Lamanites are upon us; yea, they will destroy my people." The historian adds truly, "Now the king was not so much concerned about his people, as he was about his own life."

He could not go forth at the head of his army in the strength of the Lord as his father Zeniff had done even in his old age. Noah did what any coward would have done,—gave the command to his people to flee from the enemy, and in fleeing he was their leader, thus putting himself in the safest position, and leaving the weaker ones exposed to all the dangers.

The rear was overtaken by the Lamanites, and the work of death commenced. Then it was that the cowardly nature of King Noah reached its height. He commanded the men to flee, and to leave their wives and children a prey to the cruel foe. We learn however that all of Noah's men were not cowards, for many refused to obey his command, preferring to perish than to save their lives and thus lose their manhood.

Then we have the scene presented of the beautiful daughters of the Nephites pleading with the dark-skinned warriors, "who had compassion on them, for they were charmed with their beauty," and they spared the lives of the Nephites, though they took them captives and led them back to the city of Lehi-Nephi, there to enter into a covenant with them that they would deliver up King Noah into the hands of the Lamanites, and deliver up their property, even one-half of all they possessed, also pay tribute of one-half of

all they had to the King of the Lamanites from year to year.

Gideon and others started out to seek for Noah, and met the men returning who had fled with him. They related to Gideon that Noah had been burned to death, and that his wicked priests had fled into the wilderness.

Limhi, son of Noah, "a just man," was made king over a people now indeed brought into sore bondage. The prophecies of Abinadi were being speedily fulfilled.

The conditions made by the Lamanites (verse 15) should be made prominent, as later lessons have much to do with them. Show what it would mean to any people to be taxed one-half of all they possessed. Compare with taxation in the city where we live, etc.

Have the pupils bring pictures of Indian warriors to use in illustrating this lesson.

Lesson 21. Limhi's People in Bondage.

Teacher's Text: Mosiah 19:24-29; 20th chapter; 21:1-22; Story of Book of Mormon, 13th and 14th chapters.

Pupils' Text: Mosiah, 20th chapter.

Individual Assignments: Mosiah 19:24-26; 19:27-29; 21:1-5; 21:6-12; 21:13-15; 21:16-19.

Memory Gem: "For are not the words of Abinadi fulfilled, which he prophesied against us? And all this because we would not hearken unto the word of the Lord, and turn from our iniquities."

Predominant Thought: The word of the Lord spoken through His prophets must be fulfilled.

Review obligations made with the Lamanites by King Limhi and his people.

Lesson Setting: Lehi-Nephi; Shemlon; the fields and forests surrounding Lehi-Nephi.

Lesson Statement: Limhi's reign commenced under adverse circumstances, as his people were in bondage to the Lamanites; and out of the tax thus paid the Lamanites were enabled

to set guards around the land of Lehi-Nephi, to prevent the escape of any of the Nephites. "Their tribute was too valuable to the indolent Lamanites to permit of its decrease or stoppage." Things remained in this condition for two years.

"At this time there was a romantic spot in the land of Shemlon, where the Lamanitish maidens were in the habit of gathering on pleasure bent. Here they sang, danced, and made merry with all the gaiety of youthful innocence and overflowing spirits. One day when a few were thus gathered, they were suddenly surprised, and twenty-four of their number were carried off by strange men who, from their appearance, were unmistakably Nephites.

"On learning of this act of treachery the Lamanites were stirred to uncontrollable anger, and without seeking an explanation, they made a sudden incursion into the territory held by King Limhi. This attack, however, was not successful, for their movements, though not understood, had been discovered, and their intended victims poured forth to meet them.

"With Limhi and his people it was a war for existence; to be defeated was to be annihilated; his warriors therefore fought with superhuman energy and desperation, and eventually they succeeded in driving the Lamanites back. So speedy did the flight become, that in their confusion the Lamanites left their wounded king lying among the heaps of slain. There he was discovered by the victors. In the interview that followed between him and Limhi, mutual explanations ensued. The Lamanite king complained bitterly of the outrage committed on the daughters of his people, while Limhi and his subjects protested that they were innocent of the base act. Further investigation developed the fact that some of the iniquitous priests of King Noah, who had fled into the wilderness from the dreaded vengeance of their abused countrymen, at the time that

monarch was killed, were the guilty parties. Being without wives, and fearing to return home, they had adopted this plan to obtain them.

"On hearing this explanation, King Laman consented to make an effort to pacify his angry hosts. At the head of an unarmed body of Nephites he went forth and met his armies who were returning to the attack. He explained what he had learned, and the Lamanites, possibly somewhat ashamed of their rashness, renewed the covenant of peace.

"This peace, unfortunately, was of short duration. The Lamanites grew arrogant and grievously oppressive, and under their exactions and cruelty the condition of Limhi's subjects grew continually worse, until they were little better off than were their ancestors in Egypt before Moses their deliverer arose. Three times they broke out in ineffectual rebellion, and just as often their taskmasters grew more cruel and exacting, until their spirits were entirely broken; they cowered before their oppressors, and bowed 'to the yoke of bondage,' submitting themselves to be smitten, and to be driven to and fro, and burdened according to the desires of their enemies." (Dictionary of Book of Mormon.)

In this sad condition of bondage and serfdom the people of Limhi tried to communicate with their friends in the land of Zarahemla. An expedition was secretly fitted out composed of a small number of men. But they lost themselves in the wilderness, and went into a land further northward which they found covered with bones. They took this to be Zarahemla and returned to Limhi to relate the sad story, bringing with them some plates of ore filled with engravings. They later discovered that they had missed Zarahemla, having traveled north of it.

When the Nephites were in such deep suffering they remembered to call upon the Lord; "yea even all the day long did they cry unto their God that He would deliver them out of their afflictions."

And the Lord heard their prayer, inasmuch that He softened the hearts of the Lamanites towards them, and their burdens were made lighter. But the time had not yet come for their complete deliverance.

Have the students compare Mosiah 21:3 and 13 with Mosiah 12:5; and Mosiah 21:15 with Mosiah 11:24.

The taking of an oath was an Israelitish custom. (See Genesis 26:28; 50:25; II Kings 11:4, 5.)

Third Year—Lessons for July.

[Prepared by Elder H. G. Richards, Latter-day Saints' University.]

Lesson 19. Moses Institutes a Great Memorial Feast.

- I. Teachers' Text: Exodus 11, 12, and 13.
- II. Pupils' Text: Exodus 12:1-34.
- III. Special assignment to Pupil: Exodus 13:17-22.
- IV. Predominant Thoughts: Knowing the mortal tendency to forget, God provides man with reminders. Men are expected to realize and remember their blessings.
- V. Memorize Exodus 12:5.

The last or tenth plague, the severest of all and most comprehensive, the death of the first born of man and beast, was about to fall. Because of the previous miracles God had wrought through Moses, the servants of Pharaoh already had a deep respect for this meekest of all men and for the God he served and represented. Many times before this they had begged Pharaoh to send away the Israelites, but the obdurate king, not having suffered the same hardships because of locusts and hail as his poverty stricken subjects, was still determined not to lose so many well trained and valuable laborers as the Israelite nation represented. The plague of death should strike alike the family of the slave who turned the mill and the royal household.

The completing of all preparations

for the departure, before the plague descends, signifies first of all that God knew perfectly what should be the result of this affliction. The Egyptians were to recognize in the destruction of all their first born and the sparing of the first born of the Israelites, the hand of a God mightier than all their blocks of wood and stone, their bullocks and their crocodiles. But no less important is the fact that the children of Israel had learned sufficient faith in Jehovah and His servant Moses to believe, when they were told, that the time had come and they were to depart. Contrast the simple faith and obedience of Exodus 12:28 with the attitude of the Israelite toward Moses in Exodus 2: 13 and 14. Evidently his own people had learned that Moses was their deliverer.

Preparations for the departure consisted in: (1) Getting from the Egyptians some recompense for their long and unwilling service. They did not "borrow" as our favorite translation puts it, but "asked." The Egyptians likewise did not "lend," but "let them have what they required." (The corrections in reading are from the Revised Version.) By the help of the Lord's influence they were provided with gold, silver, raiment, (Ex. 12:35) and cattle (Ex. 12:38). (2) Preparing the feast and sprinkling the posts and lintel. (3) Eating the feast in traveling garb, ready to be "thrust out."

There is a tendency among Christians to regard the Paschal lamb not only as a memorial of the Passover itself, but as a prefigurement of the Lamb of the Atonement. It can do no harm to indicate similarities. The lamb of the Passover was to be "without blemish," taken in its prime, slain and prepared without the breaking of a bone, and the sacrament was instituted at the very time, and the Atonement consummated, when the Passover was being commemorated. If the teacher chooses to mention this subject at all, let him not fail first to consult pages 106, 107, and 108 of

"The Mediation and Atonement," by President John Taylor.

The direct narrative (Ex. 12:28-41; 13:17-22) is swift and clear. Verses 17 and 18 of chapter 13 give significant reason why an indirect route to the Promised Land was chosen, giving a hint for the explaining of the later forty years' wandering. To this explanation Dummelow adds: "The most direct route from Canaan to Raamses * * * would have implied a journey of not more than 160 or 200 miles. But it would have immediately brought them into collision with the Philistines, a very warlike tribe inhabiting the southwestern part of Canaan, and would have been too great an obstacle for the people's strength and faith."

Lesson 20. Moses, Who Performed God's Miracles.

I. Teachers' Text: Exodus 14, 15.

II. Pupils' Text: Exodus 14:19-31.

III. Special assignments: Exodus 14: 1-18; 15:22-27.

IV. Predominant Thought: God does not deliver us from one evil only to see some other overwhelm us.

V. Memorize: Exodus 14:31.

Such a migration as that of the Israelites all at once and in a single night has no parallel in history. The flight of the Tartars from Russia to China in the Eighteenth century, in which only about 400,000 were involved, is possibly the nearest approach to it. Of Israel we are told there were 600,000 men who were able to bear arms, besides women and children. Estimates of the entire number range from two to three million.

Such a multitude, untrained and in large part unorganized, could have done nothing without a great and grand leader—nothing in fact without the guidance of Jehovah. In addition to their human guide, therefore, "The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, * * * and by night in a pillar of fire." They could not go wrong.

The Israelites had probably been gone three days when "it was told the king of Egypt that the people had fled." It is likely that he already knew the people had fled, but in the hour of mourning for the first born had given the matter no attention beyond his sanction. (See Ex. 13:17.) Now, reminded that his public works, his brick making and building, are at an end and his entire army of slaves escaped, he determines to pursue them and bring them back.

The terror of the people, cornered between mountains and sea, with an army at their back, is but the natural fright of slaves, unskilled in war and untaught in the philosophy of fortitude. They ought rather to be commended for the courage with which they obeyed the injunction, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord," than condemned for the overflow of their first impulses.

Much has been written to explain the actual passage of the Red Sea by "natural means." Let us not attempt to explain any of God's miracles by any other means, for God works by no other. There is good reason to suppose that particularly at ebb tide a strong east wind may have had the same effect as described in the Bible narrative, on the waters of this sea at sundry other times as well as at this particular time. But the explanation here that should chiefly interest the Sunday School teacher is the elucidation of the Power that made the Israelites go through "dry shod," and that caused the sea to overwhelm the Egyptians. Neither the east wind, nor any other natural means, is greater than its Creator.

Moses' Song of Triumph is a gem of Hebrew lyric poetry laden with beautiful expressions of praise, thanksgiving, and exultation to the preserving God. It will be well for the teacher to mark these best passages and to explain and apply them. It is supposed, though not known as a fact, that this song was afterwards enlarged

and used as part of the Passover ceremonial.

In the beginning of the wilderness wandering, as well as all through the travels and conquests, it is well to keep the map before the class and to supplement the work by the use of pictures, so that the pupils may not be in the situation of the old lady who exclaimed, when a younger caller mentioned a visit to Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and Galilee, "Well, now! I knew all those places were in the Bible, but I never thought of their being on the earth!"

Lesson 21. Moses, the Just Judge.

- I. Teachers' Text: Exodus 16, 17, 18.
- II. Pupils' Text: Exodus 17.
- III. Special assignments: Exodus 16: 1-21; Ex. 16:22-36; Ex. 18:1-12; Ex. 18:13-27.
- IV. Predominant Thoughts: The Lord will provide for His people; He will deliver them in battle, and grant them justice in judgment.
- V. Memorize: Exodus 18:21.

Although Israel had brought with them from Egypt "much cattle," their food was soon exhausted and they were suffering with hunger. There came, therefore, quails in great numbers migrating northward, weary with long flights and easily caught, to supply them with meat. There is in this nothing wonderful or peculiar except the fact that the fowls came when they were needed—which is wonder enough. But in the morning the ground was covered with a new and strange substance unknown to the Israelite and never since found out or discovered. This was manna or "What is it?" the name signifying ignorance of the substance. In all respects it was miraculous; in substance and composition, in the manner sent, in the fact that it would not "keep" over night for six nights of the week but would "keep" perfectly on the night before the Sabbath; and in its discontinuance as soon as the people were so situated as to

provide for themselves. There is probably nothing in scripture less susceptible of scientific sanction than manna.

The Sabbath, as the instructions for gathering manna and the disobeying of those instructions clearly indicate, was known and observed even at this early date. The codifying of the law at Sinai does not presuppose that the law did not already exist.

The water given in answer to the cries of thirst is supposed to have come from Horeb at some distance from the main encampment, to which it flowed in a stream. As the people were in this vicinity for about eleven months it is probable that the stream continued at least that length of time.

The Amalekites, with whom Israel waged their first mentioned battle, were a warlike tribe inhabiting and roaming over the Sinaitic peninsula. Israel was to meet them several times after this. As long as Moses signified their dependence on Jehovah by extending his hands toward heaven, the Israelites prevailed.

Without losing sight of the predominant figure of Moses, the teacher should note here the young general who leads the warriors to the battle. This is the first time Joshua is men-

tioned, but it is not to be the last. It is worth while to follow him through his apprenticeship with Moses as he learns the lessons and gets the experience necessary for Moses' successor.

After the encounter with Amalek Moses met his wife and children, whom he had left in Midian, (they could have been no help to him in his tasks in Egypt) and with Aaron and the elders of the people was entertained by his father-in-law, Jethro. This wise patriarch observed how all the people brought their differences to Moses, knowing that from him they would receive justice, and suggested an organization by which all might be satisfied and the judge's burden partly borne by others. God does not insist upon doing for man what the wisdom of man may accomplish, and wisdom, whether direct from God or whether from Jethro, to Moses, was wisdom. Therefore he began to render the organization of Israel more nearly perfect, in accordance with his wise counselor's suggestions. For a more perfect understanding of Jethro's relationship to Moses, and his right to give him counsel and advice, read section 84 of the Doctrine and Covenants, particularly verses 6-13.

First Intermediate Department.

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford.

First Year—Lessons for July.

[Prepared by George M. Cannon.]

Lesson 19. "The People of Ammon."

[For Second Sunday in July.]

Text: Alma 53. "Story of the Book of Mormon" (Reynolds) chapter 33.

In this lesson many incidents of highest interest to boys and girls will be found. Moroni, by placing a few guards over the Lamanites, who had been taken prisoners, was able to keep

them securely, and at the same time had them build walls to protect the people of Ammon from attacks of the armies of the Lamanites. In this he was ably assisted by Lehi, "a man who had been with Moroni in the more part of all his battles." Owing to internal dissensions and the treachery of some of the Nephites, many of the latter were placed in a very dangerous position. The Ammonites, or people of Ammon, who are described in this chapter, were Lamanites who had been converted through the preaching of Ammon, "When they left their homes

in the land of Nephi (B. C. 78), they settled, by permission of the Nephites, in the land Jerushon which was considered a place of security for them, as it lay far in the North of their former homes, and a great part of the Nephite people inhabited the intervening regions" (Reynolds' Dictionary of the Book of Mormon). These people when once converted to a belief in Christ, were so shocked at the savage lives they and their forefathers had lived, that they took an oath not to shed human blood under any provocation whatsoever. When the Lamanites came against the Nephites and sorely afflicted the latter, the Ammonites were greatly distressed in witnessing the sufferings of the Nephites, but still they did not feel that they should break their oath. The Book of Mormon itself explains the temptation which they felt to break it, and also Helaman's advice to them to maintain their oath. The wives of the Ammonites seem to have been wonderfully faithful, and taught their sons to have great faith in the promises of the Lord. Helaman and his brethren persuaded the Ammonites not to break their oaths as by so doing, they would lose their souls. But many of their sons had grown to manhood since their oath was taken. These boys who had grown up and who had not entered into the covenant that they would not take up weapons of war to defend themselves against their enemies, assembled and called themselves Nephites and entered into a covenant to fight for the liberty of the Nephites. They also covenanted that they would never give up their liberty but would fight to protect themselves and the Nephites from bondage. These boys numbered two thousand, and asked Helaman to become their leader. Because of their respect for Helaman, they were sometimes called "the sons of Helaman." These two thousand youths with Helaman at their head marched to the support of the people in the border of the land in the South by the West sea.

Lesson 20. The Young Ammonites.

[For Third Sunday in July.]

Text: Alma 56; "Story of the Book of Mormon" (Reynolds) chapter 33.

We do not deem it necessary to print at length the account of the wonderful career of these young Ammonites. The text itself is so clear that it will be found better to read the Book of Mormon itself than a re-print of the chapter or any part thereof. Their great faith, the result of the teachings of their noble mothers, resulted in victories over their older and more experienced opponents that are perhaps unexampled in the history of the descendants of Lehi. Although engaged in the fiercest of battle and bearing the full brunt of the attack of the enemy, when their first battle was over and they were counted, it was found that not one had perished.

Referring to the "Sons of Helaman" the young Ammonites, Brother George Reynolds, in his Dictionary of the Book of Mormon, says:

"And what about the young warriors of Ammon? So great was their faith, so potent its workings, that when, after the battle, Helaman called the roll of his youthful heroes, not one was missing. The Faith sown by their mothers' words had borne fruit,—they were all preserved. To their undaunted prowess, for they fought as if with the strength of God, the Nephites unhesitatingly accorded the glory of the day.

Lesson 21. "Helaman's Two Sons."

[For Fourth Sunday in July.]

Text: Helaman 5; "Story of the Book of Mormon" (Reynolds) chapter 38.

This lesson to be outlined and developed by the individuality of the local teachers under the direction of the Stake Board members.

Helaman's two sons, whom he called Nephi and Lehi after the first fathers

of his people, were closely allied in all their undertakings. Nephi, the elder of the two, to whom was entrusted the care of the sacred records of the people (the brass plates) succeeded his father as Chief Judge of the Nephite people, the duties of which position he faithfully and conscientiously discharged for nine years. During the whole of this time he and Lehi, his brother, seized every opportunity to preach repentance to the people, but apparently in vain. When he retired from the judgment seat, he and Lehi set out to devote their entire time to preaching the Gospel. Traveling throughout the country, they visited Bountiful, Zarahemla and many other large cities of the Nephites and Lamanites. Some Nephites and many of the Lamanites accepted their teachings and were baptized. In Zarahemla alone eight thousand Lamanites were converted and baptized. Later, as they traveled in the South among the Lamanites, they were not treated so well. They were cast into prison without food and their lives threatened. When the officers whom the Lamanite king had commanded to take their lives approached the prison, they found the two sons of Helaman encircled with fire. So overcome were the officers, that they were afraid to touch Nephi and Lehi, and stood gazing with awe, at the two prisoners who stood unhurt in the midst of the flames. Then it was that Nephi and Lehi stood forth and explained to them that it was by the power of God that this marvelous thing had happened, and that it was done as a lesson to them; that they were God's servants and would be protected. While thus overcome, a voice was heard by the Lamanites three times, followed by an earthquake that shook the prison walls, and the voice called them to repentance and told them to do His servants no harm. Abinadab, an apostate Nephite who was among the three hundred Lamanites who witnessed these marvelous things in the midst of thick darkness, acknowledged

that it was from God, and they all repented and through their faith and prayers after the darkness was removed, they communed with the angels of God. Many of the Lamanites were converted when they heard of this remarkable experience. They restored to the Nephites possession of Zarahemla and acquisitions they had gained from the Nephites, and entered into peaceful relations with the Nephites.

For four years after this great reformation, peace reigned among the Nephites and Lamanites, after which sin crept in and they became grossly wicked. Nephi, seeing the great bloodshed of the people resulting from the wars between the two races, prayed to God to send a famine in the land to bring them to a realization of their condition. This prayer was answered in the two years of famine which followed, and only by the humility and manifest faith of the people, and upon the supplication of Nephi was the famine taken from the land.

Just before the birth of Christ, Nephi, who still had charge of the Brass plates, transferred them to his son Nephi, charging him to take care of them and hold them sacred. This done, Nephi left Zarahemla and was not heard of again. It is supposed that the Lord "took him to himself."

Third Year—Lessons for July.

[Prepared by Sylvester D. Bradford.]

Lesson 25. Parables by the Sea.

Text: Matt. 13:1-53. Doc. and Cov. Sec. 86.

I. Sowing.

1. The parable.
2. The interpretation.

II. The Tares.

1. The story.
2. The interpretation.

III. The Other Parables.

1. The mustard seed.
2. Leaven.
3. Treasure hid in a field.
4. Pearl of Great Price.
5. The fish net.

Suggestive Truth: A testimony of the Gospel is God's greatest gift to man; but one must prepare his heart to receive it; must be constantly battling against evil and serving the Lord to retain it and magnify it.

Application: Have you a testimony of the Gospel, and do you know that you have it?

In every case the seed has been sown.

What are some of the fowls that tend to devour it?

What are some of the things in your lives that would tend to choke the tender plant out?

How may it be prevented?

How may the thorns be fostered?

What would be a fertile soil for the Gospel seed?

What is meant by the following statement of the Savior: "Nay, lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them."

Let us remember that the Gospel develops from a seed, figuratively speaking, and that we should not become discouraged if we do not have a fully developed testimony immediately upon the planting.

Lesson 26. A Journey Across the Sea.

Text: Mark 4:35-41; Mark 5:1-20.

I. Jesus Leaves Capernaum.

Mark 4:35, 36. The evening came at last, and found Jesus wearied out with the work and agitations of such an eventful day. The wall of lonely hills, on the east side of the lake, seamed by deep gorges through which the path led to the vast upland plains of the eastern Jordan—a region little known to the busy population of Galilee, and in bad reputation with most, as more heathen than Jewish—offered Him a secure retreat. His enemies would not be likely to seek a Rabbi like Him in such an unclean district; least of all, in the neighborhood He first visited—that of the heathen city, Gerasa.—Condensed from Giekie: *Life and Words of Christ*, Vol. ii, p. 159.

II. The Tempest Stilled.

Mark 4:36, 37. He went into a fishing

boat, just as he was, and they pushed off in company with some other boats. It was already late for Orientals to be abroad, and the rest in the open air, after such continuous bodily excitement, soon brought to him the sweet relief of deep refreshing sleep.

The sail across, however, though usually so refreshing and delightful, was destined to be rudely disturbed. A storm burst on the calm bosom of the waters, and presently raised the waves to such a height that the unprotected boat swamped. In the wild roaring of the wind, amidst blinding torrents of rain, and the thick darkness of the hurricane cloud, which blotted out the stars, and the dashing of the sea, which broke over them each moment, even bronzed sailors like the Twelve lost their presence of mind, and were filled with dismay. Driven before the wind, they were fast filling, and, as it seemed, must presently go down. Through all the wild tumult of wind, darkness, rain, and sea, however, Jesus lay peacefully asleep.—Condensed from Giekie: *Life and Words of Christ*, Vol. ii, pp. 161, 162. By Bible Study Manual.

Mark 4:37-41. Waves beat into the ship, but Jesus slept calmly on. Why did He sleep? Just because He was weary. But in such a storm, why should He sleep? Just because He was not only true man, but man of true faith—because He had perfect trust in His Heavenly Father's arm. To these fishermen, who had known that water all their days, the danger was very real, and they were afraid for themselves and Him. It was very natural, this fear, though foolish. Natural that they should dread the idea of all their hopes and prospects being lost in this premature grave, yet foolish that they should fear for themselves and Him so meaningless an end. They had abstained for a while from disturbing Him, but now they could do so no longer. They crowded round Him. Though unmoved by the piercing shrieks of the wind and the hoarse menace of the waves, He wakes at the first cry of the disciples. The Son of Man had been sleeping. The Son of God awakes and speaks. For himself exhausted, for others still mighty. He rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, Peace! be still! The wind ceased, the raging of the water was at an end—and there was a great calm.

What a revelation of God in man! In what condition is man by himself more thoroughly helpless than in a storm at sea—in a frail boat—the sport of the elements—a mere straw upon the waters, with death opening all her mouths upon him? In no condition, unless you add

that in which Jesus was a few moments before, fast asleep. A waking man in a shipwreck may be on the watch for some means of escape. But a man asleep in a boat rapidly filling with water and on the point of going down?—such and so helpless did Jesus seem the one moment; and the next! He stands and speaks to the clement and they hear with the facility and readiness of well-trained servants. —Condensed from Laidlaw: By Bible Study Manual. Miracles of our Lord, pp. 62-65.

III. The Demoniac Healed.

Suggestive Truth: Jesus, through the position he holds and his knowledge of the universe, has power over the elements, and the evil one is subject to his command; the true follower of Christ becomes heir to these same powers by living for them.

Application: Was it great strength or was it weakness exhibited by Christ in his being able to sleep peacefully in the midst of tumult?

Where one is master of a situation he does not need to waste energy in worry and fear. Note how Jesus chides the Apostles for not being equal to the occasion.

It is a common evil among us that we expend our energies worrying over evils that exist, rather than using those energies to solve the many problems that present themselves.

The spirits that possessed the Gadarene knew Jesus. How unhappy and restless they were in the plight they were in; even asking the privilege of entering the bodies of swine. The fact that they knew Jesus was the Christ, seemed to add to their misery.

There is a true principle involved here. Young men reared with faith in the Gospel of Christ, sometimes drift into evil. They are never happy but are characterized by that extreme restlessness. Reflection on their early days only adds to the remorse and the disgust that they experience.

Lesson 27. The Twenty-fourth of July.

I. Why we should celebrate the day.

- a. Because it is the anniversary of

the entrance into the Salt Lake Valley of President Brigham Young and his band of Pioneers (1847.)

1. What were the causes that led President Young and the Saints to emigrate to the Rocky Mountains?

2. Was the removal of the Saints to the mountains determined upon before or after the death of the Prophet Joseph Smith?

3. Wherein does the hand of the Lord seem to have been manifested?

4. Could the Church and people have grown as rapidly in Ohio, Illinois or Missouri as they have grown in the mountains?

5. Would they have become as widely known the world over had they remained east of the Missouri river, as they are now known?

6. Would their influence have become as great there as it has become here?

- b. To perpetuate in the hearts of the old and young a reverence for the pioneers who suffered great hardships for the love of the truth and in many instances laid down their lives to establish homes for their children far away from their persecutors and those who were ever ready to oppose the Church.

- c. To show our gratitude to God for delivering His children, our parents, from the hands of their enemies and bringing them to a land where they could serve God and keep His commandments.

II. How the Day should be Celebrated.

- a. By the holding of public meetings and celebrations wherein addresses eulogistic of the pioneers and commendatory of their course are delivered.

- b. By privately teaching our associ-

ates the divinity of the cause for which the prophets and pioneers were persecuted, driven and slain by their enemies.

- c. With such amusements and games, indoor and out, as will be calculated to make the people feel that the day is one of rejoicing, held in remembrance as a day of deliverance from hardship and oppression and the beginning of a new era in the land of promise.

Lesson 28. The Power of Faith.

Text: Mark 5:21-43; Matt. 8:27-35.

These incidents occurred immediately after the return of Jesus from

across the sea to the Land of Gadarenes.

I. Woman Healed of the Issue of Blood.

1. Jesus and multitude going to the house of Jairus.
2. The woman's great faith.
3. She is healed.
4. Jesus' comment.

II. The Daughter of Jairus.

1. Who Jairus was.
2. Meeting the messengers.
3. The maiden restored.

III. The Two Blind Men.

IV. The Dumb Man with the Evil Spirit.

Suggestive Truth: Through the power of faith the sick are healed.

Application: See Lesson 16.

Primary Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A. Morton, assisted by Dorothy Bowman and Ethel Simons Brinton.

Work for July.

Teachers will observe that but three lessons are provided for this month. We suggest that the day on which your school recognizes "Pioneer Day," your class period be devoted to the subject of the Pioneers along the lines of the article "Special Work for the Children's Twenty-fourth," by Sister Marian A. Belnap (Kerr) published in the INSTRUCTOR for July, 1910, as found on page 373. We shall assume that you will be willing to go to the trouble necessary in order to follow these suggestions, and feel sure the result will amply repay such effort.

Fast Day Suggestions.

Fast-Day Suggestions.

The summer season, with its day school vacation, and all the allurements of mountain, lake and plain, being upon us, the opportunity of emphasizing the desirability of observing the Sabbath day should be taken advan-

tage of in reviewing last Sunday's lesson, and be quite appropriate to the fast day. We suggest it be done along these lines. Our Parents are always doing nice things for us. We show our love and gratitude by trying to do nice things for them. There is One who loves every one of us, who is always thinking of and blessing us, even when we are asleep.

Our Heavenly Father—He gives all the beautiful flowers, the birds and the sunshine, making the world so beautiful. He makes the things grow for us to eat—everything good we have comes from Him. He tells us that during six days we may work, go to school or play, but one day of each week is to be *His* day. On that day He wants us to study and learn about Him and to worship Him. He does not want us to go to resorts, or play ball on that day, or do anything that would show we were not thinking of Him.

Teachers can draw these things from the children in response to questions rather than preach them.

Lesson 23. The Golden Calf.

Text: Exodus 32, 34.

Aim: The Lord blesses those who worship Him in spirit and in truth.

Memory Gem: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

I. The Children of Israel forget God.

1. Their complaining.

2. The image.

3. Their worship.

II. Moses returns to the people.

1. His anger and sorrow.

2. Pleads with the Lord for the people.

III. The Lord's forgiveness.

Review last lesson.

Moses and Aaron spent almost all their time teaching the children of Israel the commandments of God. They found it very hard to get the people to understand the things of God. They had been so long in Egypt, where the people did not know, and consequently did not worship the true God. They worshiped idols of different kinds.

The Lord had called Moses again up into the mount. He had been gone for many days, and the children of Israel began to wonder what had become of him, and if he would ever come back. Then they did a very wicked thing. They came to Aaron and pleaded with him to make them an idol, a god, as they called it, that they might have something to worship which they could see.

Aaron told them of the true and living God, who was in heaven, and exhorted them to worship Him, and Him only. He reminded them that our Heavenly Father had said, "Thou shalt remember the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." But they would not do as he desired them. They insisted on having an idol, so when Aaron saw that all the people were against him, and that they would not do as he wished, he told them to let him have the gold ear-rings which they had in their ears, and that he would make them an idol of gold.

They did so. Aaron broke the ear-rings, and moulded them into a golden calf. When the golden calf came out of the furnace the people all fell down before it and began to worship it, saying, "This is the god who brought us out of the land of Egypt."

In the midst of their worship, they looked up and to their surprise they saw Moses coming down from the mount. When he came up to them and saw what they were doing his heart was filled with the deepest sorrow. What would the Lord think of the people, who after having been blessed as they had been, had forsaken Him and turned to the worship of dumb idols!

The Lord was very angry with them, and had it not been for the pleading of Moses, He would have severely punished them. Moses went up into the mount again and pleaded with the Lord to forgive the children of Israel for the great sin they had committed. The Lord promised Moses that He would be merciful to them. He said, however, that He would not go before them to the promised land. Thus, because of their disobedience to the commandments of God, they were deprived of the glorious presence of the Lord.

When Moses remained so long upon the mountain, what did the people ask Aaron to do?

What did Aaron tell them that our Heavenly Father had said about worshiping?

Where had the people learned to worship idols?

Tell how Moses felt about this?

What did he do?

Did the Lord hear Moses?

How do we worship our Heavenly Father?

Lesson 24. The Ten Commandments.

Text: Exodus 19, 20.

Aim: The Lord counsels His children as they need, and requires their obedience.

Memory Gem: Honor the Sabbath day and keep it holy.

I. The Israelites at Mount Sinai.

1. The gathering.
2. Moses talks with God.

II. The Ten Commandments.

1. The Lord counsels His children.
2. Explanative of the commandments.

Review last lesson.

I. Three months after the children of Israel had left Egypt they came to a place called Mount Sinai. I want you to remember the name of that mount, and the wonderful thing which happened there, which you will hear about today.

When the children of Israel had assembled at the foot of Mount Sinai, the Lord spoke to their leader, Moses. He told Moses that if the children of Israel would serve Him and keep His commandments He would bless them above every other people.

After having talked with the Lord for some time, Moses came down from the mount and told the people all that the Lord desired them to do. He reminded them of the great blessings which they had received from Him, and of the wonderful manner in which He had saved them when Pharaoh and his army were coming after them to take them back to Egypt. When Moses had finished speaking, the people said, "All that the Lord has spoken we will do."

The Lord had instructed Moses to get the people ready for a certain day. On that day the Lord said He would come down on the mount in a thick cloud. He would speak to the people out of the cloud, and they would hear His voice, but Moses only would be permitted to see His face and talk with Him. The reason the people could not see the Lord was because they were not pure enough. We are told in the scriptures that only the pure in heart shall see God. The people were commanded to wash all their

clothing, and to cleanse themselves thoroughly. Then on the day appointed they would be permitted to gather at the foot of the mount, to see wonderful things and to hear the voice of God.

On the morning of the third day all the children of Israel got up early and made preparations to go to Mount Sinai to worship God and to see the wonderful things Moses had told them about. When they had all assembled at the foot of the mount, a terrible peal of thunder almost shook the earth. Then the lightning flashed, and on looking up they saw a thick cloud of smoke coming down from heaven and covering the mountain.

The Lord was in the midst of the cloud but the people were not permitted to see Him. He called to Moses and the people heard the voice of the Lord. He invited Moses and Aaron to come up to the mount, and they went up.

II. When they came down, Moses held two large, flat rocks in his hands. They were covered with writing. They were ten commandments, which the Lord had written for the children of Israel to keep.

When the people kept these commandments, they were greatly blessed of the Lord, but when they failed to keep them, they did not prosper.

Note.—Repeat the commandments to the children. Get them to tell how they can obey the commandments. Draw attention to the following in which every child can feel the application to his own life: the third, the fourth, the fifth, the eighth, and the ninth.

Lesson 25. Israel in the Promised Land.

Text: Joshua 1, 3, 4, 5:6; 6:1-16; 20:8-24.

Aim: God's way differs from man's, and is always the best.

Memory Gem: "But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

I. Cause of Israel's long wandering.

1. Forgetful of God's blessings.

2. Disobedience.
 3. First generation not permitted to enter the promised land.
 - II. Joshua, Moses' Successor.
 1. Called by the Lord.
 2. Chosen because of his steadfastness and faith.
 3. Proving his faith by his works.
 - III. Crossing the Jordan.
 1. Apparently impracticable.
 - a. No bridges.
 - b. High waters.
 2. People show their faith.
 3. The miraculous crossing.
 4. Memorial monument.
 - IV. The Taking of Jericho.
 1. A strange war tactic.
 2. Faith rewarded—the city captured.
 - V. The Promised Land Won and Divided.
 1. Six years of war.
 2. God's promises fulfilled.
 3. The land divided.
- Review last lesson.

I. Because the Israelites who came out of Egypt under Moses turned away from the Lord so often and so frequently lacked faith, notwithstanding the wonderful ways in which the Lord saved them from the Egyptian army, fed them, gave them water, and in many other ways blessed them, the Lord would not let them go into the promised land, but permitted them to wander in the wilderness forty years, until nearly every one of those who left Egypt had died.

A great number of children had been born to them, however, many of them having grown to manhood and the Lord raised up a man who was to lead them into that promised land.

II. This man was Joshua, and the Lord said unto him: "Moses, my servant, is dead: now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give them, even to the children of Israel * * * as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Be strong and of

good courage; for unto this people shall thou divide for an inheritance the land which I swore unto their fathers to give them."

What a splendid promise this was. How happy it must have made Joshua to know that if he would be strong, and brave, and keep God's commandments, our Heavenly Father would be with him, never fail or forsake him, but would give him victory over the wicked and give their cities and the land they occupied, to the children of Israel.

Our Heavenly Father wants His children to *do* things to show their faith, and when they do their part He always does His.

Now let us see how Joshua and the children of Israel did their part and were blessed by the Lord.

III. The people who occupied the promised land did not love and serve the Lord, but were very wicked, and the Lord did not want them to remain in the land, so He told Joshua to get his people ready to cross the river Jordan, near which they were camped. It seemed impossible for such a large number of people to cross the river, for there were no bridges, and the waters were very high and overflowing its banks. But the Lord was able to help them, and did so in a very wonderful manner. The priests, carrying that beautiful Ark of the Covenant which had been made in the wilderness, went first, and when they touched the water of the river with the soles of their feet the waters were parted and remained so until all Israel had marched over on dry land. The Israelites showed their faith in God's promise by going to the river to cross it, even though there were no bridges or boats, and God fulfilled His promise and made a path for them.

Twelve men, one from each tribe, were appointed to take a stone each from the bed of the river, and carry it on the other side. There they built with these stones, a monument to commemorate this miracle. The Lord told

them to do this so that when their children should ask them why these stones were piled up, they could say: "Israel came over this Jordan on dry land. For the Lord dried up the waters of Jordan from before you, until ye passed over, as the Lord did to the Red Sea, which He dried up from before us, until we were gone over."

After all the people had crossed over, the priests carried the Ark out of the river bed, and the waters filled in again, the river running as before.

IV. The Lord told Joshua to capture the great city of Jericho, and how to do it. This called for great faith for it seemed a strange way to capture a city—it was God's way, not man's way.

The soldiers marched around the city once each day for six days, followed by seven priests with seven trumpets of ram's horns, and then came the Ark; not a word was said, the only sound being the blowing of the trumpets. On the seventh day they got up early and marched around the city seven times, and at the seventh time Joshua told the people to shout, which they did, and the walls of the

city fell down, and the Israelites captured it, and thus did the Lord give them the victory.

V. For six years the armies of Israel, under command of Joshua, fought against the wicked people of the land, until he gained control of it, and now the land, which had been promised to their forefathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, was in the possession of their children, God having kept His promise, and the land was divided among the tribes of Israel.

Joshua died when he was one hundred and ten years old. Before he died he told Israel of how the Lord had blessed them, and exhorted them to "Fear the Lord and serve Him in sincerity and in truth." Then he said to the people, "Choose thee this day whom ye will serve; * * * but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Why were the children of Israel so long in the wilderness?

What promise was made to Joshua? Tell of the crossing of Jordan.

Describe the way in which Jericho was taken.

What did Joshua say to the people before he died?

Kindergarten Department.

Robert Lindsay McGhie, Chairman; assisted by Beulah Woolley and Elmina Taylor.

Preparation of the Sunday School Lesson.

By Marian Belnap Kerr.

For some time we have been discussing the general preparation of which the Sunday School teacher has need. We shall now direct our attention to the preparation which the teacher should have preceding each Sabbath day's session. First of all, let her prepare herself spiritually; live as near right as she knows how, and ask the Father to guide and direct her with His spirit that she may be an in-

strument in His hands to aid the little ones in working out their salvation.

The most important part of the class activities, (those exercises which take place in the class room) is the lesson; therefore we shall discuss it first. This lesson is generally taken from the Bible, other standard church works, or from the lives of some of our leaders, and should in *every instance* be the means of bringing to the child some great spiritual truth. Every lesson which is worth while at all contains a spiritual truth, and the lesson should be given for the truth which it contains more than for the mere facts of

the lesson. This is especially true of the lower departments where facts are so often forgotten. But one spiritual truth, if impressed firmly and tactfully in several activities, is almost sure to remain. As we walk through the famous "Louvre" in Paris, or any other art gallery, for that matter, what is it that impresses us most as we gaze at each picture. True, we are enraptured with the color, the exquisite figures, splendid composition, detail etc., but most of all, are we not impressed with what the picture has to say; that truth which it tells to us? In the future if we try to recall some famous painting, perhaps we have forgotten the colors, the number of figures, the detail etc., which acted as means to convey to us some beautiful truth. But, have we forgotten the truth? No, indeed; if we were thoroughly impressed with it, it will remain with us always. Leonardo da Vinci, by painting the portrait of his friend's wife, gave to the world the famous "Mona Lisa." There are many, many things about it which help to make it famous, but that which gives the lasting impression to both the artist and the ordinary person is that wonderful smile, which has fascinated and influenced the lives of thousands of people.

The subject and a text from the Bible, or whatever the case may be, is generally selected for our Sunday school lesson. This text is by no means all of the lesson. There is usually much interesting material on the subject to be found in various other texts. While accumulating this material and deciding upon the additional texts, which portray the subject to its best advantage, it is well for the teacher to study the limitations of her subject. When we speak of limiting a subject, we mean to circumscribe, to restrict or to set bounds to that subject. Here the analogy of the artist serves us so well we shall look to him again for further explanation. The painter first decides upon his subject and what it has to tell; the sunset, for

example. Then he selects the place where the sunset is shown in its fullest beauty, does he not? After taking a broad view of the whole western sky, perhaps, he decides upon the best point of view from which to paint and mentally sets the boundaries of his picture. As he paints he eliminates anything which may tend to mar the beauty of this picture and emphasizes those things which show its loveliness.

The teacher, to determine the limitations of the subject, should first analyze the wording of it to see just what it includes. Then take a broad survey of it; look at it from all of its phases, then decide on the point of view from which she wishes to treat it and keep to that point of view. The mother is hardly apt to guess what the little boy's drawing represents if he first drew the front of the chicken house, then the right side tacking it on to the front, after this the rear and lastly, completes the picture by adding the left side. What is the trouble? What would have been the result, had he kept his first point of view? The teacher's knowledge and interest in the subject, the pupils, and their interests, the season of the year, the time in which the lesson must be presented, the purpose of the lesson, whether to entertain, instruct or strengthen character, will all help to decide the point of view. With subjects such as "Charity," "Honesty," etc., the point of view is selected first—possibly before the text is decided upon—while in narrative lessons the text is generally read first and from the story, those things are eliminated which do not emphasize the truth or have any bearing upon it. Limiting the subject thus, saves loss of time, prevents loss of effort by concentrating it along one definite line, brings it within the range of the teacher and also adapts it to the members of the class.

There are two ways in which every lesson may be read. One way is to read the words and try to remember as many of the words and expressions as

is possible. A better way is to analyze the text as you read it. Try to get the thought by forming definite mental pictures as you go along. Find out what significance certain expressions may have; think of the "whys" and the "wherefores;" lose yourselves in it for a while; try to be susceptible to the truth the lesson impresses upon you; become enthused over some one or more truths or aims which are developed in the subject matter; think them over and read the text once more taking a mental survey of your material. Now, close your eyes and group your material and give each group a name. If it be a doctrinal lesson separate it into its logically arranged divisions. If it be a narrative, separate it into the various mental pictures which you find. This grouping or mental picture painting aids the memory. Many times we feel that we have prepared our lessons well, but when we stand before our class, we find that we have forgotten many points which we wished to bring out. "Nothing helps the mind so much as order and classification. Classes are few, individuals many." If one wishes to improve his memory, let him classify things or statements into logical parts or divisions and through association of ideas, when the one thought is called into consciousness, the other thoughts connected with it by association, will follow. Although it has been used many times, this demonstration of the value of grouping as an aid to the memory, is good. Select twelve words such as, ox, bear, wheat, plum, cat, oats, apple, pear, dog, rye, quince, barley. Then repeat them over slowly twice to several of your friends to see if they can repeat them from memory. Invariably they will miss some of them. Now suggest that they group them under these headings: animals, grains and fruits. Repeat the words once more and you will be surprised to see how their memories have improved. Doesn't it save time and energy to simply describe a mental picture than

to fumble around for the phrases or sentences you saw on the painted page? And while you describe with fervor these pictures, you will find that your pupils are also getting pictures, not merely words.

Grouping also serves as a test in selecting the best aim or truth for this particular lesson. After you have named the truth or truths which have impressed themselves upon you during the reading of the text, test them by means of your pictures or groups. If aim No. I goes nicely through division I and is not found in either division II or III, try one of the other truths which impressed you. The truth which may be best taught by the facts of this lesson is the truth which will be found in each picture or division. The truth is taught best by the lesson which suggests it strongest. Why should I not teach two truths if they are to be found in the lesson? Seldom, if ever, are two truths equally strong in one lesson. If one truth is taught, it helps to give unity and coherence to the lesson. It aids concentration, makes the end definite and clear cut and enthusiasm is sure to be stimulated. Then, to the children, one truth seen clearly, is of much more value than many seen vaguely. Doesn't action follow more quickly after a clear distinct impression than several vague ones, and isn't right action what we are after?

This aim or central truth if well chosen and well worded will enter the child's experience, will permit of application, will run throughout the entire lesson, will appeal strongly to the teacher, will contain a moral truth and must be a complete statement of the truth. This truth is generally expressed in the affirmative, but, however, may be negative. If the aim contains a condition and result or a cause and its effect, the application is more clearly seen and easier stated. A well chosen and well worded aim arouses in the teacher a keen desire to develop it and impels to research and reflection.

It is a splendid help in the preparation of the lesson to put down on paper these groups or pictures which you have named and form a "skeleton" or plan just as the architect makes the plan of his house. When it is on paper it is so easy to see the relation of each part to each other, and to the whole. Be sure that these pictures come in their logical order and make them broad enough to include the sub-divisions which rightly belong to them. The plan consists of the large main divisions or pictures, sub-divisions which complete the thought and explain the main divisions and possibly smaller divisions which explain the sub-divisions. The wording of the sub-divisions should be short, suggestive and comprehensive and worded if possible so as to direct the mind towards the aim or central truth. It is self evident that such a logical arrangement will not only help the memory by means of the laws of association, but give mental development and confidence to the teacher. Much which is non-essential is discarded and unity, clearness and forcefulness is the result.

Now that the outline or plan is completed, is the lesson thoroughly prepared? No, not yet. There are the illustrations, the enforcement, and the application, which we shall discuss next month. But know your pictures so well that you may call them into consciousness, and, with enthusiasm, develop the truth which they suggest. Be so prepared that the mission of the plan is ended so far as this Sunday lesson is concerned, when you stand before your class. Stopping to look at the plan during the presentation of an ordinary lesson is a sure sign of too little preparation. The children will realize this, as also will the visitors you may have.

Your fellow teachers have worked over this lesson, in the same manner as you have; undoubtedly they have some splendid suggestions which you have not. Discuss your plans together, take

each others good ideas and make a co-operative plan. (Then decide on the method of presentation which we shall discuss later). Before Sunday morning comes, read over your lesson once more with a prayerful spirit that God will give you a portion of His Holy Spirit to bring "all things to your remembrance" and help you to cause the children to feel this truth as you feel it.

Lessons for July.

Aim: Courage to do right wins the favor of God and Man.

Suggestive Songs

"Hurrah for the Flag"—JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, June, 1910, or Kindergarten Plan book, page 64.

"Who Taught the Birds?"—Kindergarten Plan Book, 1912.

"Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel"—Deseret Sunday School Songs, 178.

For help on nature work and morning talks, see JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, June, 1912.

We love this blessed land of ours,
Oh, fair land, oh, free land!
Its wealth of trees and fruits and flow'rs,
Oh, fair land, oh, free land!
Its mountains reaching toward the sky,
Its noble rivers rushing by;
Its fields that clad in verdure lie,
Oh, fair land, oh, free land!

—Laura F. Armitage.

FIRST SUNDAY.

Have flags for decoration and a vase of red, white and blue flowers. Have the children march to the tune of the national airs. If you help them catch the spirit of the day they will march with heads erect and in good time. Have some one sing two verses of the Star Spangled Banner while the children stand and all join in the chorus.

What did we call last Friday? What did you do? Do you know that it was a great big birthday party? Have you ever had a birthday party? Let the children tell. The Fourth of July is the birthday of our country. That is why we had such a good time on that day.

Long ago there were some people living in England. Each Sunday they went to a little church they had built. There they sang their songs and prayed to Heavenly Father. But the king of the land said, "You cannot go to your little church any more; you must go to my big church." But they did not want to go to his church because they knew he did things which would not please the Heavenly Father. So they would not go. That made the king very angry and he did everything he could to make them unhappy. He locked some of the men in a house or prison where they could not see their little boys and girls.

At last the people said "We will find a new home." So they went to a country called Holland where the people talked another language and lived differently. They were treated kindly by the people. They built a little church and on Sunday went to it to thank the Heavenly Father just as they felt was right. And they were happy for a while. But soon they saw that their little boys and girls were learning to talk just like the little Dutch boys and girls. The fathers and mothers met together and said, "We had better find a new home, so that we can teach our children to talk just like we do. As soon as they decided that was the right thing to do, they started to get ready for a long journey.

When they had all the food and clothes they could take with them ready they got on a big ship. The wind blew and the ship rocked up and down on the water and many of the people were sick. But they were brave, and when they knew it was right to go to the new country they went, no matter how hard it was.

They were such a long time on the water. And for so many days all they could see was water. But there was one thing that happened while they were on the ship that made them forget for a while how tired they were. A dear baby boy was sent to one of the mamas. The little boys and girls saw it and so did the big folks and

they were glad. The baby was named Oceanus because he was born on the ocean.

At last they saw the land. But there were no houses any where, nor even green trees, for it was winter time and all the leaves were off of the trees. But they knelt down to thank Heavenly Father for helping them safely to the new home.

They had such a hard time for the cold winds blew, and the snow fell and the ice was on the water. But they were brave and started right away to build houses and a little church where they could pray to Heavenly Father just the way they thought was right.

There were other people who went to the new country and made homes for their children, and soon there were a great many people in the land. But the king of England made them unhappy again for he said they should send him money and do other things which they knew were not right. So some of the wisest and bravest men in the new country met together in a large house. At the top of the house was a large bell and a man stood ready to ring the bell if the wise men should say that the people were free. They talked together for a long time and said, "We should be free so that we and all our children can do what we know is right." So they wrote their names on a piece of paper called the Declaration of Independence. When the last man wrote his name a boy called to the man waiting to ring the bell "Ring, ring, father, ring for Liberty." And the bell rang loud and long. The people heard it and waved their hands and shouted. The cannon boomed and they made big bon fires to tell how happy they were. All that happened on the Fourth of July.

Of course the king was more angry than ever when he heard what had happened and sent his soldiers over the ocean to make the people do what he wanted them to. But they were brave for they knew it was right to be free. So they fought the king's soldiers and after a long time drove them

away from their land. And the king had to let the people do what they knew to be right.

That is why every year on the Fourth of July we have the birthday party of our country.

Application: When mother sends us on errands, no matter who wants us to stop and play, we know what to do.

When we are in Sunday School we know what to do even when some one forgets and starts to talk to us.

Second Sunday—Daniel in the Lions' Den.

Text: Daniel 1:1 and 4:6.

Picture. See JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, June, 1912.

Ever and ever so long ago there lived in Jerusalem, a little prince named Daniel. He had a dear mother who loved him. She taught him just what he should do. She told him about Heavenly Father and how He wanted every one to pray to Him three times a day,—in the morning and at noon and at night. So Daniel did pray to Heavenly Father three times every day. His mother also told him what he should eat and drink to be strong and well.

When Daniel was a big boy, a king from another country went to Jerusalem and took many of the people back to his home, and Daniel was one of them. And because Daniel looked so strong and well he was taken with some of the other princes to the king's palace to live. He was among strange people and in a strange land far away from his mother and father. But Daniel was a brave boy. He remembered what his mother had said and would eat and drink only things to make him strong. He remembered to pray to Heavenly Father every morning, every noon and every night; so that when he was a man he was strong and wise.

It was the very strongest and wisest man the king needed to help him rule the people. So Daniel was chosen. He could do so much more work for

the people because he asked Heavenly Father to help him. And the king was well pleased.

The other princes in the land were very angry that the king liked Daniel. They said to one another "What can we do to get rid of Daniel? He does everything so well." They thought and thought. At last one of them said "He kneels down three times a day to pray to his God." Then the wicked men were glad for they knew what they would do.

They went to the king and said "Will you make a law that for thirty days no one in all this land shall ask for anything from any man or God except you, oh king, and if they do they will be put in the lion's den?" This pleased the king and he said "yes." He signed his name to the paper, and nothing could change the law after that.

Daniel read the new law. It meant that if he knelt down at morning, noon, and night to pray to Heavenly Father for thirty days he would be put in the lion's den and eaten up by the hungry lions. But could he stop praying to Heavenly Father who had made him strong and wise? His mother had told him when he was a little boy that it was the right thing to do. So he opened his window, knelt down and prayed just as he had always done.

The wicked princes were watching. The next day they watched and he did the same thing. So they went to the king and said "Oh king, you made a law that no one should ask anything of any God or man except you for thirty days, but Daniel is praying to his God three times every day for we have seen and heard him." Then their king did not know what to do. He loved Daniel and wanted to save him but he could not, for the law was made and nothing could change it. So he sent for Daniel.

Daniel knew what it meant. But he walked up bravely for he knew he had done what was right. He went to

the lion's den, the door was opened, and he walked in, and the king locked the door.

The princes watched it all and said "Now we are rid of Daniel." But the king went back to his palace. He could eat no supper, he could listen to no music, he could not sleep. He just prayed all night that Heavenly Father would take care of Daniel. The next morning very early he went to the lion's den and called, "Daniel, O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?" And how glad he was to hear Daniel answer "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouth, that they have not hurt me."

The king sent for his men to open the door and Daniel walked out. Heavenly Father had taken care of him and not one of the hungry lions had touched him.

Then the king made another law that every one should pray, as Daniel did, to the true Heavenly Father.

Application: We know that Heavenly Father wants us to drink just cold water and milk. He wishes us to eat just the ripe, juicy fruit.

Third Sunday—The Pioneers.

For suggestions and decorations see JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, July, 1910.

Once there were no houses here at all. Just wild animals lived where they pleased, and Indians sometimes pitched their tents near a stream of water or in the mountains. All the people belonging to our Church lived a long way off in a city called Nauvoo.

But the people could not be happy in their homes for wicked men tried to take them away from them. No one was safe who lived there if they belonged to the Church. But then the people knew that to belong was the right thing to do no matter what happened. At last they knew that they would have to leave their homes and

find another place to live. So they bought wagons and began to put their quilts and food and clothes into them to get ready for a long journey.

Brigham Young was chosen to be their leader. Heavenly Father told him to tell the people what they should do. So he told them to help each other and work hard every day but Sundays. There was so much to be done that they could hardly find time to do it all but they rested on Sunday because they knew it was right.

At last they were ready to start on the long, long journey. Only the very strongest men went first. Three ladies were very anxious to go with their husbands so Brigham Young said they might, and one woman took her two children. Those ladies did not care how long the road was or how rough, they just felt that it was right for them to go. For couldn't they help when any of the men were sick or hurt better than any one else? And those people were called pioneers.

Of course Brigham Young went to lead them. Their wagons were filled with quilts, clothes, food and seeds to plant when they reached the new home. They had oxen and horses to pull the wagons for there were no trains then. They took cows. (What for?) and chickens (What for?).

Brigham told them to stay close together so they would not get lost or killed by Indians, and to always have their guns with them. It was a very dangerous journey. But the pioneers did not mind for they knew it was right to go. They got up every morning at five o'clock when the horn blew, met together for prayers, then fed their horses, cows and chickens, ate their breakfasts and then started on the journey again. Every night after their suppers were over and their work was all done the horn blew again.

They went to their wagons, had prayers, and went to bed, all but the men who stayed awake all night to watch that no Indians came to harm them.

The pioneers traveled that way, every day except Sundays. On Sundays they rested all day. They held meetings and sang songs. Then on Monday, when they started to travel, the animals were rested as well as the people. They could better pull the heavy wagons, climb up and down the mountains and swim across the rivers.

And some days it was such hard work, for some of the rivers were so large that they had to stop to build boats, or bridges, to get across. Some days there were so many trees in front of them that they had to chop them down, before they could go on. It was a hard journey, but the pioneers were brave men and women. They had to pass many wild animals, [if possible show picture of buffalo] and the Indians were wild. But at last they reached the new home. They knew the place because Heavenly Father told Brigham Young.

There wasn't anything to see but just rocks, and sage brush and sunflowers. Perhaps the children picked some of the sunflowers, for they were pretty. There wasn't a house anywhere. The first thing they did was to try to plow the ground to plant some potatoes, but the ground was so hard they could hardly do it. But they knew some potatoes would have to grow or they would be hungry in the winter. So they worked just as hard and fast

as they could. They had to build houses to live in, too.

The very next day after the pioneers found their new home was Sunday. There was so much to be done. But they knew it was right to rest on Sunday. So they did. The little children washed just as clean as could be, had their hair nicely combed, and were ready to go to the meeting with mother and father. There was no church, of course, but they could sing songs and the brethren could speak. And that's just what they did. Brigham Young had been sick, but he sat in a chair and talked to the pioneers. He said to them, "Do not work on the Sabbath day, or hunt or fish. If you keep Heavenly Father's commandments He will bless you."

And so the pioneers worked and they made a beautiful city for their children. Their children love to tell what their brave mothers and fathers did for them, and in that city every year they have a holiday to help them remember. Next Thursday is the day.

Application. On Sundays we can go to Sunday School, and then when we are home in the afternoons and our playmates want us to play noisy running games we can say, "Not today, it is Sunday. Let us look quietly at this pretty book, or perhaps mother will let us take a quiet walk."

FOURTH SUNDAY.

Retell The Pioneers.

Outings for Mother as well as the Daughter.

For you, summer means a long succession of outings—picnics, luncheons under the trees, drives, walks, boat rides, and all through the long, long list of summer joys. Can't you help make it mean these same things for mother? As we go about planning for our own good times, we are likely to forget that she has not passed beyond the enjoyment of good times. If we think of it all, we are apt to

smile a little, and say, "Mother does not care for such things." But have we ever tried it, to find out if she cares for them? If some beautiful afternoon you should quietly prepare an attractive little luncheon for two, and then give her a cordial invitation to share it with you in the grove or the park, few indeed are the mothers who could resist an allurement like that.

From Long Ago.

A True Story of a Latter-day Saint.

By Sophy Valentine.

IV.

In 1852 Sister Howell, now the sole caretaker of the little family, prepared to begin the journey westward. Brother Howell had brought with him quite a collection of books, which he had intended to add to a proposed public library in Salt Lake City. But to obtain means Sister Howell was obliged to sell them at a sacrifice. So the journey began by ox team and the children thought it great fun. One day Ann and her brothers had had a particularly fine time; and one of the little boys, William, become very tired. He laid down in the high grass under the wagon and fell asleep. No one thought about him till the company was about to start again. Sister Howell missed him, but thinking he was as usual among the other children of the company the oxen were started up and the heavy wagon passed over the body of poor little William, killing him instantly. The stricken mother was beside herself with grief; but she bent her head and bowed to the will of the Father. Her child was buried on the plains, where the bodies of so many other pioneers had to be laid to rest.

This accident saddened the whole company, of course, and Ann and her brothers were heavy at heart, particularly Ann, who was her mother's comfort and mainstay. But the journey ended at last and it was a happy day, when they arrived in the valley. Salt Lake City wasn't much of a place in 1852, but the weary travelers thought it a heavenly rest, for they were free from the persecutions they had been subject to in their old home.

They met many friends and kind-hearted people, who were willing and anxious to help the newcomers along, but each one had enough in his own load.

At the time the Howells left their home Sister Howell's relatives had her part of her father's property put in chancery and if you have ever read Dickens' novels you have perhaps some idea of how very tedious were the proceedings of chancery. There the property remained for about ten years and meanwhile the widow and her children often suffered for the necessities of life.

Ann was now fourteen years old, a well-grown, tall and handsome lass, with the longings and aspirations of youth. She was obliged to go about from place to place and sell shawls and other dry goods that her mother had brought away from her store at Council Bluffs. It hurt her pride exceedingly; but the family had to live and she did not complain for that would only make the load heavier for the mother.

After a year and a half of struggling Sister Howell removed to Brigham City with her family, thinking she could do better there. Two years later Ann was married. She had not tasted much of youth's pleasures and now she was plunged headlong into life's cares and responsibilities.

Shortly after Ann's marriage her husband found it necessary to go away from Utah to seek work, but Ann would not go with him. She said they had come to Utah for the Gospel's sake and here she would stay. Some months later she became the mother of a fine boy.

While she was rejoicing in the possession of this wonderful treasure her poor mother passed through another great sorrow; the youngest child, while playing around the fireplace outdoors, where the family cooking was done, fell into the fire and was so badly burned that he died a few days later.

The family lived in a log house with the ground for a floor and had but few and crude conveniences to help make cooking and the housework easy. Many a night did Ann weep herself to sleep worrying over the future, wondering where she was to get the necessities for herself and her child. They had sold the small place her husband had, that he might get means for his journey to California and she had gone back to live with her mother.

Back in Wales Sister Howell's brother had heard of the hardships of his sister and her family, by some apostates, who had returned to their native city. He wrote to them and generously offered to assist and support them; would give them a place of their own and would see that they should not want for the comforts of life, if they would but come back. It came as a great temptation in their poverty; but, as Sister Howell argued, what would it benefit them? She knew that they never could be satisfied there; they had tasted the sweets of the Gospel and that with poverty and privations would be better than this world's goods and the longing that they knew could never be appeased.

So they wrote to the brother and told him that they were satisfied to live as they were and would trust in the Lord and abide his time. He would help them out of their poverty.

Shortly after this Ann's husband returned, but without the golden fleece he had expected to obtain, and they took up the battle of life in a dugout some few miles from where her mother lived, and life went on with many trials and tribulations, interspersed with glimpses of sunshine, but always with the feeling of security and trust in the Heavenly Father.

They shared the ups and downs of the people in general, mourned or rejoiced with their neighbors and they were all like one big family.

When they had lived in Utah some ten years Sister Howell one day received a letter from Wales informing her that she had been made beneficiary

of the deeding of interest in coal mines and also that the estate in chancery had been disposed of and that her presence in Wales was necessary. So, Sister Howell went to Salt Lake to consult with President Young, who advised her to go back and get what was hers by right and who also kindly furnished her the money to go.

Accordingly Sister Howell soon found herself in the dear old home once more and she was kindly received by her relatives. Her sister, who was married to a retired American consul, did all in her power to induce her to stay in Wales and send for her children. She showed her all the good things she herself possessed, and assured Sister Howell that she should have the same. She showed her the cellar with its wealth of fruits and jams, but Sister Howell, who was not willing to be outdone by her sister, assured that lady that the squashes and pumpkins of Utah were superior to anything she had tasted in Wales. And she used to sing the hymn:

Beautiful mountain home
Where love is found
And joys abound,
What Saints from these would roam.
The world may despise
But dearly we prize
Our beautiful mountain home.

It was, of course, impossible for the rich lady to understand such love for a wild, strange land, for she comprehended not the love for the Gospel and its strength, which had enabled her sister to bear with fortitude the many and fiery trials beneath which she would otherwise have sunk.

Sister Howell stayed in Wales about a year, and at the end of this time the tangled threads of her interests had been straightened and she returned to Utah with great joy. The Lord had now blessed her with worldly means and she emigrated thirteen people, who with her rejoiced in going home to the land of promise. The family's poverty was over and Sister Howell delighted in doing good with what God had entrusted to her care.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



When the Bluebirds Came.

By Annie Malin.

As Dick Turnēr walked along the street one afternoon he whistled several tunes. The uninitiated would not have understood, for the tunes though sweet and musical were not those heard either in churches or theatres. They were of different length and style, in fact they were simply the songs of the wild birds.

Dick had heard Prof. Palmer lecture about the birds and besides that his teacher was one of the Professor's most interested pupils, and she in turn had taught the pupils in her class all she learned from him. No wonder Dick knew the notes of the bird-songs.

Just as he turned the corner near which his home stood, Dick heard the familiar sound of a flipper sending a stone through the air and the next moment came face to face with a boy who held in his hand a wounded bird.

Dick recognized the boy as Oakey Lee, the leader of a set of boys from another school.

Looking at the fluttering bird he recognized that also. It was a house-finch, one of the birds whose song he had learned at school. Indignantly, Dick spoke to Oakey Lee:

"It is a house-finch," he said, "a beautiful song-bird."

Oakey looked at the bird carelessly. "Well, it's only a bird, if it is a house-finch."

"But you must not shoot them," persisted Dick; "it's wrong and cruel, too."

"What a fuss about a bird!" said Oakey. "They're only good to shoot at anyway. I can hit 'em most every time too. I tell you my biggest flipper is a dandy."

"But I tell you, it's wrong to hit them with anything," said Dick. "Prof. Palmer says so, and he knows all about birds. They do good, a great deal of good; you should hear him talk about them."

"Well if your Prof. Palmer says all birds are good, he don't know as much as I do," declared Oakey. "I suppose he tells you that sparrows are some good."

"Some sparrows are," was the reply; "they are not all house sparrows." "Besides," Dick went on, "boys do more harm than good, anyway, for they climb up the trees and scare the other birds away and often take their eggs, too."

As Dick finished speaking, whang went another stone from the biggest flipper, and down came a sparrow.

Dick picked up the house-finch, which Oakey had thrown down as he used the flipper, and as he saw the sorrowful look on his face, Oakey had the grace to say, "Well kid, I didn't mean to shoot him, I sure thought it was a spug when I took aim. Maybe you can doctor him up so's he can fly; it's only his wing hurt."

Dick was surprised to hear these words, but glad too, and a thought struck him. What if he could interest this boy in the birds? And then if he could, Oakey would win over the boys of his crowd and stop some of the shooting. So he said, "Why can't you come to my house Saturday morning, Oakey? There's a house-finch sings in our plum-tree every morning and I can hear the words Prof. Palmer says they sing."

"Pshaw! Dick," replied Oakey; "he sure is the limit. Words, are they?" and he laughed loudly.

"I'm going to make a house for

blue-birds too," went on Dick calmly, though his face flushed at the other's laugh. "A little house on top of the barn, just to see if any blue-birds will take it."

"Rent it to 'em?" asked Oakey with another laugh.

"Rent free," retorted Dick, "and board thrown in if they'll only take it." And then the two boys went home. Bright and early on Saturday morning Dick went to work on the house, meanwhile wondering if Oakey would come. Sure enough the boy soon put in his appearance, for he was more interested than he had cared to admit. He was not really a bad boy, but careless, and when boys are encouraged to shoot one bird, what wonder they grow indifferent to the rest.

"You see," explained Dick, "it is just a small box with a roof, a floor, and three sides, and it is to be hung on the top of that pole on the barn, by a strong wire.

"Blue-birds love to be near people," he went on, "only they are afraid of boys and cats. I do hope a pair will come to my house, and now is the time they build their nests." Just then from the old plum-tree a few feet from them came a merry greeting.

"There he is," said Dick, "that's my house-finch! It's on the top branch."

"I can see him," responded Oakey, "and I heard his song, but I didn't catch the words," with a sly glance at his companion's face; "you'll have to interpret them."

"It is a good-morning song," said Dick smiling, "he says, 'A very fair morning, good-morrow my dear, do you think it will be a fine day?' Now listen and see if you can't hear them."

Again and again the little songster trilled his greeting, always ending with the raised note which makes it sound like a question.

"Can't you hear the words, Oakey?" asked Dick.

"Well, not exactly, but it's a pretty song," admitted the boy. "Do any of

the rest of them sing words?" he asked presently.

By the time the bird-house was finished Dick had whistled all of the calls he had learned, and when the house was swinging from the tall pole Oakey had tried them all and knew the words by heart, though he did not tell Dick this. He was more interested than he cared to show.

"I don't know but what I'll try for a pair of blue-birds, too," he said carelessly as he went home; "there's a dandy place on our barn."

"Let me know if you get them," said Dick, and then he went to tell his father all about it.

"Quite a missionary isn't he, mother?" said Mr. Turner as he patted his boy's head, while his mother smiled approvingly at him.

Oakey went home and worked to such good advantage that before night his bird-house was swinging, lightly as Dick's, and besides it was where Oakey could see it from his bed-room window in the second story, and he could see it the last thing at night and first thing in the morning. While working on it he had gone over all of the songs Dick had told him about, and could whistle them quite well.

That night when he had been in bed for some time a strange thing happened. The biggest flipper which had fallen from the boy's pocket when he undressed, got up and walked about the room, looking very queer as it crossed the room in the bright moonlight. Then turning in a very queer manner it began flipping stones right into the midst of a number of birds which had come from somewhere or nowhere. Oakey in his astonishment scarcely knew which.

However, there they were, and as the boy rubbed his eyes to make sure he was not dreaming, they marched silently around the room.

Then as they all paused facing the flipper which still stood upright, Oakey noticed a house-finch among them with a broken wing, and at that mo-

ment a beautiful red-winged black-bird stepped forward and pointed to the flipper, the finch and the boy as he called gravely "O-ka-lee, O-ka-lee." Not until this moment did the boy realize that his own name was so much like the call of the bird, and he felt that the accusing bird had reason to be ashamed of him.

And now the bright eyes of all the birds were turned on the boy who sat up in bed staring at them. Then they all began to sing at once. Such a wild burst of melody Oakey had never imagined, and he tried to put his hands over his ears to shut out the sound, but found he couldn't move.

Soon the volume of sound grew less until they all stopped. Then a little fellow over in the shadow called out "Bob-o-link, bob-o-link, spink, spank, spink," while a flicker at the foot of the bed said, "Pi-ute, pi-ute."

Next a gold-finch called, "sweet, sweet," and burst into an ecstasy of song, to be followed by the Phoebe saying, "fear-fear" in a grieved tone.

After a pause a meadow-lark asserted positively that "Salt Lake's a pretty little place," while a white crowned sparrow asked plaintively, "Dear, dear, what can the matter be."

Oakey stood it as long as he could, then making a great effort stood upon his feet, and at that moment the wounded house-finch sang the song the boy had listened to that morning at Dick's home.

"Please forgive me," faltered Oakey and springing forward, he grasped his biggest flipper and broke it in two.

"I'll never have another flipper as long as I live," he promised the house-finch, which fluttered its broken wing and came close to him without a sign of fear, a sure sign he was forgiven.

Morning must be fast approaching thought Oakey, for a different kind of finch sang loudly, "Beatrice! Beatrice! get up! get up! come here! come here!" while a little song sparrow chirped "Sweet, sweet, maids put your tea-kettle-etle-etle on."

Oakey was glad to see a friendly old robin hop on to the bed and say cheerfully and kindly, "Cheer-up, cheer-up."

"What wonderful things birds are," sighed the boy sleepily, as he walked over to the window, then startled he paused, for as the birds all flew to the window-sill an old hermit thrush cried, "Halt! halt! look up! look up! high up! high up!" while a beautiful blue-bird said softly to his mate, "Dear, dear, think of it, think of it." They had seen the house.

Then with a great fluttering of wings all the birds flew away in the moonlight, while a very bewildered boy crept back to his bed shivering with cold.

"I just bet they'll never go near that old bird-house," muttered Oakey as he dropped to sleep again, only to awake when it was broad daylight.

He laughed when he recalled his dream. It was too comical, and how funny that old flipper had looked standing in the moonlight. He put his hand in his pocket, he would burn that flipper, but where was the old thing?

He looked on the floor but couldn't find it, and then he approached the window. On the sill was the flipper, but broken in two pieces.

Oakey stared in astonishment. He did go over to the window then in his sleep, supposing he had gone out after the birds. He shuddered to think of it.

He looked out just in time to see a little gray bird, with some reddish feather, on its perch on the telephone wire and sing in clear tones, "A very fair morning, good-morrow my dear, do you think it will be a fine day?"

"Yes, Mr. House-finch, I do," said Oakey, and then his glance wandered over to the bird-house, swinging gently in the morning sun. "Surely,—" he rubbed his eyes and looked again.

With a yell resembling that of a wild Indian he dashed down the stairs

and into the dining-room to the amazement of his father and mother.

Seizing the telephone he fairly shouted: "Hyland 2097w please."

"That you, Dick? Hooray kid! the blue-birds have come!"

Margie's Charm.

"What is it that makes everybody love Margie Fitch so?" said Jennie Howard. "She isn't pretty nor stylish. Now what is it, do you suppose?"

"I think I know the charm. Perhaps you would better set yourself the task this week to discover it," answered her mother, busily putting the sitting-room to rights.

The next day at school Jennie followed her like a detective. The first thing she noticed was Margie's kindness to Alice Ross, a shy, new scholar, who stood quite alone, looking wistfully at the others at their gay sports. Margie went over and made her acquaintance, and after a little urging, the girl joined the merry group, and was soon laughing with the rest.

When school was called, Margie laid a rose on the teacher's desk as she passed, and smiled a cheery "Good morning," and received an appreciative smile in return.

About an hour later, while busily studying, a smothered sob caught her ear. Looking about, she saw the new scholar sitting with head bent forward regarding her slate with a hopeless expression. Up went Margie's hand for permission to leave her seat; it was granted, as were all her requests, for they were rare, and the teacher knew they were never of a trifling nature.

"What is the matter, Alice?" asked Margie, sitting down beside her.

"I can't do one of those examples," she replied, dashing away a tear.

Margie took the slate, read over an example, and soon had it down correctly. With a little help at the right place, the others were conquered, and the girl lifted a grateful face to hers as she thanked her.

On their way home, a troop of girls were working off their animal spirits in a wild game of tag. Margie, in whirling suddenly, came in collision with a gentleman, knocking his cane from his hand.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," said Margie, covered with confusion as she returned the cane to him. "I'm afraid I have hurt you, sir," and she looked up with frank solicitude in her eyes.

"Not at all, my dear," he responded heartily, pleased by her courteous manner. "Go on with your play and be happy. I am proud to doff my hat to so polite a young lady." Which he did with a stately bow, and passed on.

"How did you dare? I should have been too much frightened to have said a thing," exclaimed one of the girls.

"So should I," chorused the others.

There was a social in the church parlors that week. Jennie still hovered near Margie, learning a sweet lesson every day from her. As they sat turning the leaves of a hymn book, finding their favorite songs, a lady paused to speak to them. Margie instantly arose and proffered her chair, which was accepted with a pleased smile, after Margie had insisted upon it.

The two girls started for the other room where the young people were preparing for games. Just then Margie espied a solitary figure sitting in the corner. This was the deacon's wife, who was somewhat deaf. After a handshake and a sentence through the ear-trumpet, people usually left her to herself, as the majority of people mumble or speak too rapidly to be readily understood through the trumpet.

Margie crossed the room to her, and taking the trumpet in her hand, being careful to articulate so as not to make her affliction more conspicuous, she sat and chatted half an hour away, amusing the dear old lady by repeating the pleasantries and jokes that were flying from lip to lip of those around them.

"You have been a comfort to me, my bonnie lass," said the old lady, patting the hand that held the trumpet. "Now go and play with the rest. I thank you, my dear, for your thoughtfulness to an old woman like me." And Margie went away quite happy.

"I think I have found out Margie's charm," said Jennie to her mother the next morning. "It is because she is good to everybody."

"Yes, that is it," answered her mother. "She is thoughtful, kind, polite, and obliging. I think she must carry the Golden Rule very near to her heart."—Advance.

The Robin's Nest

Early one springtime two happy robins built their nest of mud and grass in an old apple tree that grew in a lane. It was not as fine as some nests that I have seen, but it was the best nest in the world for robins. Their pretty blue eggs lay safe within it, and when by and by their baby birds were hatched, it cradled them as snugly as a mother bird could wish.

Before very long the little robins learned to fly and then the cradle nest was left empty and lonely.

"It is of no use now and I will blow it away," said the wind one day; but the old apple tree held the nest fast in its branches and would not let it go.

It was still in the tree when the days began to grow short and cold, and a little white-footed field mouse who needed a comfortable winter home spied it there.

"I'll run up and see how it looks inside," he said to himself, and he climbed the tree and went into the nest as nimbly as a squirrel.

His two round eyes were sharp and bright, and he knew a good home when he saw it.

"Just the place for me," he said at once; and he set to work to roof the nest over with sticks and leaves, for field mice like to have their homes well covered.

"Squeak! squeak!" he cried with delight when the last twig was in place. "I shall sleep here as snug as the birds themselves;" and he moved into the nest that very day.

The robins had flown far away from the lane by this time, but if they could have seen a mouse in their nest, oh, how surprised they would have been!

The Little Kite Learned to Fly.

"I never can do it," the little kite said, As he looked at the others high over his head;

"I know I should fall if I tried to fly;" "Try," said the big kite, "only try! Or I fear you will never learn at all." But the little kite said, "I'm afraid I'll fall."

The big kite nodded: "Ah, well, good-by;

I'm off," and he rose toward the tranquil sky.

Then the little kite's paper stirred at the sight,

And, trembling, he shook himself free for flight.

First whirling and frightened, then braver grown,

Up, up, he rose through the air alone, Till the big kite looking down, could see The little one rising steadily.

Then how the little kite thrilled with pride,

As he sailed with the big kite side by side,

While far below he could see the ground, And the boys like small spots moving round.

They rested high in the quiet air, And only the birds and the clouds were there.

"Oh, how happy I am!" the little kite cried;

"And all because I was brave and tried."

A Streak of Sunshine.

"Well, grandma," asked the little boy, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

And then grandma told of a little girl that she had learned to watch for. "She has sunny brown hair," she said: "her brown eyes have the same funny look in them, and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. See, here she comes now."

"That girl with the brown apron!" cried Arthur. "That's Susie Moore, and she has a dreadful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "Oh, little boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that brightness from?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur; and away he ran, and brought in his little friend. "Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore, what makes you look so bright all the time," said Arthur.

"Why, I have to," said Susie. "You see, papa's been sick a long while, and mamma is tired out, and baby's cross with her teeth; and if I didn't be bright, who would be?"

"What a broad streak of sunshine God sends into the little house where Susie lives!" grandma said when the little girl was gone.

Arthur thought about it a good deal after he went to bed. He thought, perhaps, that there were other little children whom God sends to make their homes sunshiny. Do you think so, too?—Selected.

Value of Little Birds.

The birds are the best friends that we have. Why? Because they labor daily in the fields, destroying the insects that kill or feed upon the tender plants upon which human lives rely. Have you a friend that will labor for you just for his board and clothing? No, indeed; you cannot place your eye upon any that will do this for you, except the birds which are being slaughtered by boys and men in large numbers. They are willing to do this if only allowed to live. Why do you not try to protect these friends who are so faithful to you, when they ask you for no pay for their services? Do you not realize that they are worth hundreds of times more to you as insect destroyers than their flesh is worth to you in a bird pie or in some other way?

The birds are needed more and more every year. As people increase and the

clearing of more lands goes on, the insects are bound to increase very rapidly, and if the insects increase why should not the birds increase also? It is because they haven't had the protection that they ought to have had. Some of the species of birds that used to be found in large numbers are now very seldom found at all—simply because they have not received any mercy from the hunter, and because the laws have not been strict enough to prevent people from killing them.

Boys and girls should feel it their duty to do all in their power to get laws passed that will give the little friends in feathers better protection.

How Robin's Breast Became Red.

Far, far away in the snowland, where all is snow and ice, there was long ago only one fire. A hunter and his little boy took care of this fire and kept it burning all day and night, for they knew if the fire went out the people would suffer and the great white bear would rule over the Northland.

One day the hunter became ill, and he called his son to him and said: "Remember, my boy, no matter what happens to me, the fire must burn brightly. Watch night and day lest the white bear should come to destroy it." But after many days the brave boy was worn out with watching, and one night he fell fast asleep.

Now, the big white bear had been hiding near. When he saw that the boy slept, he growled out, "We will have no more warmth in the Northland," and with his wet, snowy feet, he jumped upon the logs and trampled out the fire until he could not even see a gleam of light. When he thought the fire was quite dead he went growling back to his cave in the woods again.

High overhead in the tree sat the little gray robin who lives in the Northland, and the robin felt sorry when he saw the white bear put out the fire.

"This cannot be," he chirped. "I must try to save that fire." So he flew down to the ground and searched with his bright eyes till he saw a tiny spark which was just smouldering. "I will fan that spark into a flame," said the robin, so he hopped to and fro, flapping his wings before the tiny spark until he fanned it into a blaze, and as the flames burned higher and higher, they scorched the poor robin's breast, but the brave bird kept on fanning the fire. When the fire was cracking merrily the little boy awoke and the robin flew far away, and wherever the bird touched the ground he brought fire for the people in the Northland.

The wicked white bear was angry because his plans had failed, and in-

stead of destroying the only fire in the land many new fires had been brought to the people, so the bear went farther away into the Northland and made his cave in a big iceberg, and there lives at this time, and he always growls terribly if he sees any fire, for he hates the warmth.

Now the robin, who had always been a dull gray color, was burned by the fire until the feathers on his breast were turned to a beautiful golden red like the flames, and ever since that day all robins have a bright breast, and all the people in the Northland are glad when Robin Redbreast comes back; for they know the ice and snow will soon be gone and warmth will come to them again.

The World's Great Fables.

By William S. Nortonheim.



The Greedy Dog.

A greedy dog with a large piece of meat in his mouth was crossing a low bridge over a smooth, deep stream. Looking into the clear water he saw what he thought was another dog, who had a piece of meat in his mouth. Thinking to get this meat, in addition to what he already had, he made a sav-

age snap at the reflection, and thus opening his mouth, the meat fell into the water with a splash and was gone forever. Not all his barking or diving could bring it back.

Those who are greedy for more often lose what they have.

The Children's Budget Box.

Springtime.

We feel in the air a sweetness
 Akin to the time of Spring.
 The sun is shining in gladness,
 And the birds begin to sing.
 The earth is warm'd by the sunlight,
 And refresh'd with the falling rain.
 The farmer sows with all his might
 His fields with the precious grain.
 And when the earth in her garment
 Of beautiful green is seen,
 Adorned in the finest raiment,
 Put on by the Greatest Queen,
 It makes the world more pleasant
 Than all things else combined;
 And the hearts of all are lighter,
 That we have a love divine.
 Then rejoice in the spring each year
 For the time to plant and sow,
 And God will give to the bearer
 A hundred-fold, you may know.

Miss Verda Goold,
 Sunnyside, Utah.



Eleanor Ashley,
 Leamington, Utah.

Age 13.

Steve's Lesson.

It was a stormy night, and the whistle of the wind sounded very lonesome and chilly. Mr. Thomas and his son were sitting by a very comfortable fire, and both seemed to be thinking very earnestly.

"Yes, my son, I feel it my duty to go. Ever since your mother and I joined the Church, I have wanted to go on a mission, but I had given up hope of ever having the chance."

"Yes, it is your duty to go," said Steve, as the letter from Box B was laid upon the shelf, "but can you leave mother while she is so sickly?"

"Well," said the father, "it would be hard, but her health is improving and you could take care of her."

"Well, I will do my best, father," said Steve.

Mr. Thomas had much confidence in his son's word, and preparations were made for the mission.

For two weeks after the father's departure Steve did his best. His mother was getting strong, and he had kept the home in good condition. But he was full of fun and was becoming rather reckless. Some of his chums were going on a hunting trip and wanted him to go with them. He wanted to go very badly, and after they had coaxed him awhile he decided to go.

He enjoyed the first day of his trip, but that night after the other boys were in bed, he sat by the campfire and thought of his mother, and his promise



By a Young Unknown Contributor.

to his father. He was very sleepy. Suddenly he heard hoof beats. The rider rode up to him and cried out excitedly: "Oh Steve, come quick! your mother is dying. He jumped upon his horse, and rode as fast as he could.

When he reached home he was met at the gate by one of his friends. "Too late," he said. Steve gave a wild cry of horror which woke him up.

The next morning he did not tell the boys his dream, but he went home to take care of his mother.

Fern Hurst,
Fairview, Utah.

* Age 14.

"The Only Cure."

Ruth had been sick for three weeks with typhoid fever. She did not get better in spite of the doctor and nurse's care. She cried when it was time to take her medicine; she scolded when her food was brought because she couldn't have what the rest of the family had to eat. She grumbled because her friends did not come to see her and when they did come she scolded because they stayed too long. The doctor told the nurse that if she didn't improve she could not live long.

One day the nurse had a long talk with Ruth. She asked her if she would try and be better. Ruth said she would. "Then let us ask our Heavenly Father to help you be a better girl," said the nurse. She knelt down by Ruth's bed and asked God to help Ruth to be better. The time came for her to take her medicine and she didn't cry. At night when her supper was brought she ate it and said how nice it tasted.

In a few days she could sit up and she told her mother that by asking God to help her, her life was saved.

Age 12.
Florence Cranney,
Island, Cassia Co., Idaho.

Our Boat Ride.

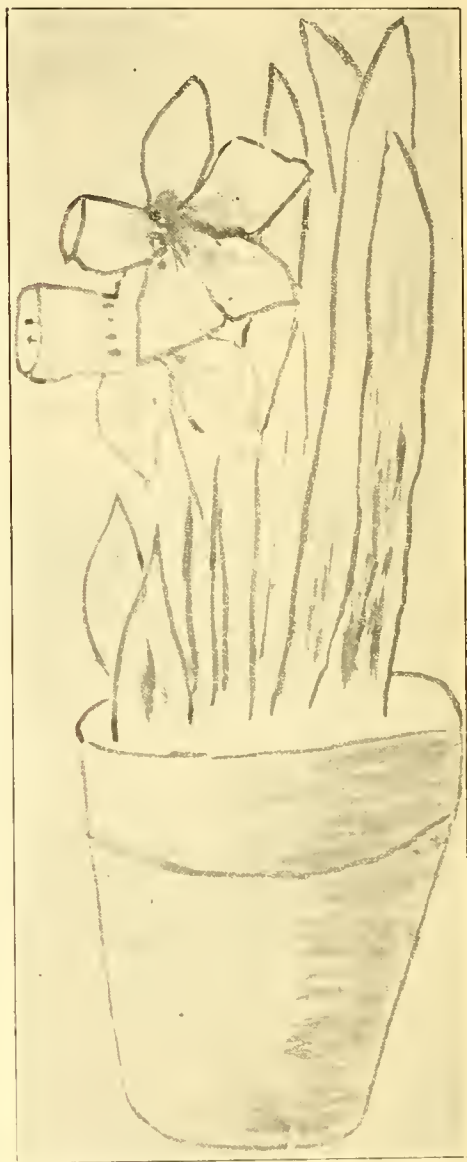
I like the JUVENILE stories so well, I asked mama if I could write about our boat ride. We rode from Portland, Oregon, to The Dalles. We went under three draw bridges and through the Columbia Locks. The seagulls were so pretty. It was much fun to throw bread on the water and see them catch the crumbs every time. We saw lots of boats of all kinds. There were two petrified stumps and some of the most beautiful little falls on the Oregon side of the river. One of the little falls looked like mist, it was so small and fell so far. The Columbia is a large river. One of the ferry

boat men told papa it was 70 feet deep in some places. The wind blew so hard in the afternoon the boat had to go very slow. We were glad to get on the landing and feel the earth under our feet again.

Edith E. Morris,

Age 10.

La Grande, Oregon.



By Olive Gedge,

Age 14.

R.F.D. 6, Box 30, S. L. Co.

Lock Before You Leap.

Crowds were gathering among the brush, for Mr. Fox had been bragging on himself for being such a swift runner. So he and Brownie the hare were going to run a race to the nearest river where they would have a cool douse after their hard run. Soon the word was given to start. All chattering was stopped, and everybody was hurrying to the other side of the woods to see the outcome.

Both the hare and the fox took long quick strides, but the fox went much faster. They were now nearing the spot. Mr. Fox was a rod ahead, and he had time to look back on his slow coming competitor and cry out, "You had better move along here, or you won't have time to cool off."

Brownie was about to give up, when he saw a quicker way to reach the river. The trail the fox was going was full of rocks, and old wire fences which the floods had washed down, while another trail was much longer but it was smooth and straight. This trail Brownie took,

and it was not long until he was out of sight of old Mr. Fox.

* * * * *

Brownie had been waiting under the cool shade now for about ten minutes but still Mr. Fox did not come. He jumped up and soon found himself climbing the hillside in search of Mr. Fox.

He looked this way and that way, but could not find his partner. He was about to retrace his steps when he heard a sound below him. He peeped over the huge boulder he was standing on, and saw a sight which made him burst out in a roar of laughter.

There was the fox caught by the shaggy tail, turning round and round, trying to loosen himself. "Well, I declare if the longer way there is not the quicker way," said Brownie.

By this time Mr. Fox was loosened, and was coming slowly toward Brownie, with his head hung down. "Ho! You'd better look afore ye leap after this," said the hare. He then turned on his little brown boots, and rejoined his friends.

Larena Blair,
St. George, Utah.

Age 14.

The Puzzle Page.

OUR PICTURE PUZZLE.

We have not received a single correct answer to our interesting picture puzzle published in April. Now, we are not going to let our young wise heads off without another trial, so the puzzle will be open for answer until July 1st. The picture will be found in the April number, page 281. Look among the geographical names, particularly of Europe. This may

help you. If you cannot solve them all, send in what you can.

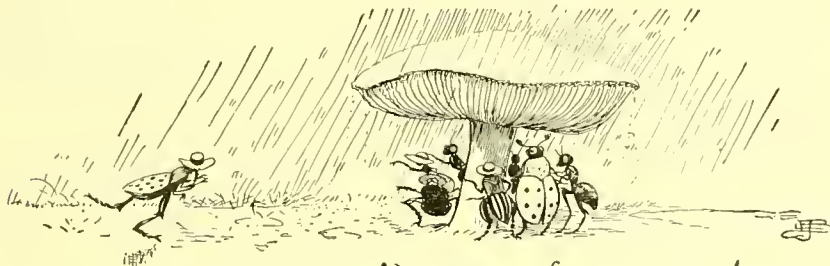
Rules.

For the ten best answers we will award book prizes.

Competition will close July 1st, 1913.

Answers must be written in ink and bear the name, age, and the address of the sender.

Address Puzzle Editor Juvenile Instructor, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.







Always room for one more!




Mr. Mixie Magpie



IV.






"ISN'T he a funny , Buzz! Maybe he isn't a bird, or a  either; but somebody that a bad old  has changed into a  till a princess comes and promises to marry him!" said







. "They's no such a thing as a , or a , either! Folks just made 'em up out of their  ; 'cause my father said so, and he's a doctor

and ought to know," answered Buzz.  shook her  soberly; "I b'lieve in 'em, anyway," she said.


They found Buzz's  had just come down-stairs.

"O Daddy! There's a sick-a-bed  out in the  . Bobette found him, and we want you to

make him well, please!"  took his  's hand and pulled him towards the  .

Daddy's  went very wide open, and his  made a big round **O** , and he went along with  and  to the




. "He's a talking ," said


















. "He scared us most to pieces telling me to get him some breakfast. How do you s'pose he learned to talk, Daddy?" "I don't know, Boykins," said



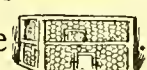


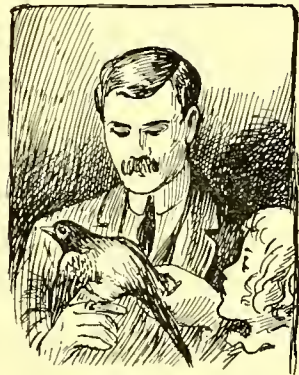
 . "Maybe somebody lost him out of an automobile, or maybe he escaped from somebody's cage. Of course, he must have been somebody's pet."



Timmy, the , was barking when they reached the , and one  was up a ladder, another clung to the  of Horse Rascal's stall, and two were in the  . "Sic 'em! Sic 'em!" cried Mixie's shrill voice from the ,

and Timmy barked at the poor little   with all his might. But he was fastened with a , so they were safe, though they didn't know it. The top  of the  was open, and Mixie stood looking out of it. When he saw  and  and  he hung his  as though he were ashamed of himself. "I'm

sorry I spoke," he said. "You ought to be!" said  . "He's not a very sick patient, Boykins." But when they came nearer, they could see that one  hung limp, so Papa Doctor lifted him out of the  . "Poor birdie! He'll never be able to fly again," he said. "But that won't keep him from getting well, nor from mischief, either."



Laughlets

The Reason.

"Tommy," said his brother, "you're a regular little glutton. How can you eat so much?"

"Don't know. It's just good luck," replied the youngster.

Touching.

"Go away from me," said the fashionably-dressed woman to the tramp. "I wouldn't have you touch me for a dollar."

"I was only goin' to touch you for a dime, lady."

A Man's a Man.

Angry Woman: "What are you, I should like to know—a man or a mouse?"

Henpecked Husband: "A man, unfortunately. If I were a mouse, you'd be half-way up that lamp-post, yelling for mercy."

Superiority.

Johnnie: "I wish I could be Tommy Jones."

Mother: "Why? You are stronger than he is, you have a better home, more toys, and more pocket money."

Johnnie: "Yes, I know; but he can wiggle his ears."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Silent One.

"How does Dorfling stand in this community?"

"Old Bill Dorfling?"

"Yes."

"Why, he makes about as much noise in this community as the letter 'b' in 'debt.'"

What Did Teacher Say?

Johnny Williams had been "bad" again. "Ah, me, Johnny!" sighed his Sunday school teacher, "I am afraid we shall never meet in heaven."

"What have you been doin'?" asked Johnny, with a grin.—Harper's Magazine.

Their Favorite Color.

English Girl: "You American girls have not such healthy complexions as we have. I cannot understand why our noblemen take a fancy to your white faces."

American Girl: "It isn't our white faces that attract them, my dear; it's our greenbacks."

Why.

Teacher: "And now, who can tell me why we should always be neat and clean?"

Little Lizzie: "In case of accident, ma'am."

Not Dangerous.

Pat: "Oi hear yer wife is sick, Moike."

Mike: "She is that."

Pat: "Is it dangerous she is?"

Mike: "No; she's too weak to be dangerous any more."

A Real Philanthropist.

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed an elderly woman to a laborer who surrendered his seat in a crowded car; "thank you, very much!"

"That's orl right, mum," was the rejoinder.

As the woman sat down the chivalrous laborer added:

"Wot I ses is, a man never ort to let a woman stand. Some men never gets up unless she's pretty, but you see, mum, it don't make no difference to me."

He Knew What to Expect.

A small boy who attends a district school was vaccinated recently, and after the arm had been dressed the attending physician suggested that he place a ribbon with the word "Vaccinated" round it.

At this the youngster spoke up. "Put it round the other arm," he said.

"But that won't do any good," protested the doctor. "It wants to be placed round the sore arm so that the boys at school won't be hurting it."

The lad looked at him in disgust and replied: "You put it round the other arm. You don't know the kids at our school."—Country Gentleman.

A New Specimen.

Dressed in the latest and most approved motor-cycling costume and goggles, the motor-cyclist gayly toot-tooted his way toward the Zoo. Suddenly he dismounted and said to a small, grubby urchin: "I say my boy, am I right for the Zoo?"

The boy gasped at so strange a sight, and thought it must be some new animal for the gardens.

"You may be all right if they have a spare cage," said he, doubtfully, "but you'd stood a better chanst if you'd only had a tail."—McCalls.

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